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UNFORESEEN.

BY RITA.

I did not know how near the Mystic Sea
Our steps were wandering thro' the summer time;
We talked of years to come, and plans to be,
And drank of life's sweet wine.

I did not know how soon my heart would grow
Hungry with longing for your slightest tone;
How soon your feet would lie in perfect rest,
And mine would walk alone.

I did not know how much of life and light
Your presence added to each passing day;
Nor how you held my heart in your sweet hands,
Till you had gone away.

I see it now—why you should grow so dear,
So pure and saintly as the months went past;
Your spirit pluming for its upward flight,
An outward radiance cast.

A FLOWER OF FATE

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE WILD WARRINGTONS," "LIKE LOST SHEEP," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

IN something less than a month from the evening on which Leigh Eversleigh had first found his way out to Shepherd's Bush, and thence to Chesterfield Avenue, it seemed that he was always finding excuses to call at No. 11.

When he was unable to come himself, he would send to us instead—flowers from Covent Garden, new books from Mudle's, toys and fruit for Isla; all these and more besides at different times arrived at Mrs. Ramage's house—"For Mrs. Darkwood" or "For Miss Isla," as the case might be.

Of course they were very welcome, these gifts and attentions, and made life infinitely lighter and sweeter; but, all the same, I, Flower Darkwood, Daryl Darkwood's wife, was not quite satisfied in my own mind upon the matter of Mr. Eversleigh's extraordinary good-nature.

I plucked up courage one evening—he had driven home in a hanson with Daryl, who had called in the Temple for his friend, and had as usual run up to our sitting-room with an armful of costly offerings for Isla and me—and said to him—

"I think I ought to put a stop to this, Mr. Eversleigh. We cannot, indeed we cannot for ever be accepting these beautiful things. It is—it is embarrassing, you know, to say the least about it," I tried to explain. "You—you are too kind—because it is not possible to find every time a fresh supply of words in which to thank you suitably."

"Why attempt to thank me then?" said he, with a smile. "You know I hate it, Mrs. Darkwood."

"That is nonsense," I returned gravely.

"What a fuss you make about nothing at all, Flower!" called out Daryl impatiently. The door of the bed-room, which opened into the "drawing-room," was ajar; and my husband, in that farther room, was washing his hands and changing his coat.

"You forget," he added bluntly, with what I thought was a deplorable lack of good taste and nice feeling, "that Leigh is blest with more coin than he knows what to do with. He's not obliged—lucky dog!—like some poor beggars I could name, to look at a sovereign half a dozen times over before he ventures to change it."

"It's quite true," Mr. Eversleigh hastened to assure me—"what Darkwood says, I mean. Upon my word, I don't know what to do with my money sometimes—it's a fact. My own wants and inclinations are not, I believe, of a ruinous stamp; and, as you are aware, I have neither brother nor sister; no mother, no father, no wife to—"

"But you have troops of friends both in town and in the country," I interrupted gently.

He flushed to the roots of his wavy fair hair.

"I—I don't believe there is anybody in the world whose friendship and esteem I value so—so truly as I value yours, Mrs. Darkwood," he stammered, quite awkwardly for him.

More than perplexed, I could not decide how to reply, but was beginning somehow, "You see, we have—I—I have—we have known you for so short a time that I—we, I mean," when Isla fortunately came to the rescue, and Mr. Eversleigh at once gave his whole attention to the child.

"Thank you, Mr. Eversleigh," lisped she, "for the grapes you sent yesterday. They were so big and nice."

He drew her affectionately to his knee, his clear gray eyes full of tender interest, saying—

"Were they, my dear little lassie? I'm so glad."

"Yes, beautiful," answered Isla, in her earnest unchildlike way—"so big and so juicy; and my throat was so sore."

"And what does Doctor Morrison say?" asked Leigh, lifting her wee pink hand and kissing it.

"Oh, Doctor Morrison says we ought to go to the seaside, and see the waves and the boats, and paddle about in the water without any shoes and stockings on, you know! But mamma says that she is not yet certain we can afford it; and so we had better perhaps not think——"

"Hush, Isla!" I cried, distressed and vexed. "Little girls shouldn't chatter about what they don't understand; they should be——"

"Seen and not heard, Toddlekins," called out Daryl from the bed-room, laughing. "Never mind, young 'un—you shall go to the sea!"

Isla's sensitive little face reddened immediately; and, slipping from Leigh's encircling arm, she crept to my side and hung her head shyly—conscious, dear little soul, of an offence committed, but ignorant of its extent and character.

On these occasions, when Mr. Eversleigh came to spend the evening in Chesterfield Avenue, it was Daryl's invariable custom to invite his guest to a game of cards; and Mr. Eversleigh as invariably accepted the invitation—accepted with alacrity. To speak the truth—and this it was that troubled me—it appeared to me then that this horrid card-playing was the real attraction which drew Daryl's old schoolfellow to No. 11. He came laden with gifts for Isla and me; but the cards were the magnet which brought him to us.

And yet, thought I, Leigh Eversleigh did not look like a gambler. Far from it. Frankness and truth were stamped plainly upon his fair tanned face, upon his broad calm brow; a chivalrous heart and a high regard for noble things looked out direct at one from his clear keen eyes. He was not perhaps so tall as Daryl—not quite—but apparently he was stronger; his hands too were strong-looking and beautifully white; and a very handsome fair moustache hid a firm yet finely-cut mouth.

I do not understand cards and card-playing—I never did. So, neither liking them nor understanding them, it may be that I am prejudiced against these "playthings of the devil," as I fancy I have heard them called. What I certainly do know is that, whenever Daryl and Leigh Eversleigh played together in Chesterfield Avenue, there was always a large amount of money—sovereigns mostly, in little stacks—upon the table between them, and that Daryl always, or nearly always, won.

Since we had known Mr. Eversleigh money had no longer been grievously scarce with us; for through him—through his influence and introductions in the right quarter—Daryl has been enabled to sell numerous sketches and pictures which had been lying on his hands for years, and, moreover, to get astonishingly good prices for them too; for, alas, I fear they were, some of them, but poor and insignificant productions after all! How could he excel in achievement when he would never take pains? Mr. Eversleigh himself generally managed the business of selling or dealing, or whatever it was that took place, and handed the money to Daryl afterwards. And so now, at least for the present, the storm-clouds had sailed onward, were overpast—there was no longer occasion to torture myself with the thought of a perhaps hopeless hunt for pupils in music and in languages, or in aught else that might suggest itself as a likely field of enterprise. Thanks to Leigh Eversleigh, that nightmare had vanished—vanished utterly for a while—and Isla could continue to have as heretofore my whole attention, my constant care. Yes, thank Heaven and Leigh Eversleigh for that!

Besides, we had no debts now. Mrs. Ramage was paid regularly. We could obtain, without pinch, the right and wholesome food for the child; and, better than all—oh, blessed thought!—it might happen that by-and-by, with planning and economy, we should be able to take her down to the sea for the change of air that was so strongly advised for her.

If only that wretched card-playing could be stopped! Could that have been done, I should, I think, have been happier and easier than I had been for many long months. Or, since they would play, if only Mr. Eversleigh might win more often than he did; or, when he won—which was rarely indeed—that his winnings could somehow be made larger than they appeared to be!

When Daryl was the victor—which, in fact, seemed to be the rule of the game they played—he sometimes gathered up quite a handful of gold; and it hurt me to see it. It hurt me, too, to be obliged sometimes to take and to spend this money won from Leigh Eversleigh at those everlasting hateful cards. That which was the result of the picture-selling was in my eyes honester money by far than the other; and I spent it or hoarded it—for Daryl in his new good fortune was no niggard—with a certain sense of house-wifely pride; it was of my husband's just earning—the reward of honorable labor.

But that other—ah, no! Somehow it seemed verily to scorch my fingers whenever I took it from my purse. I felt ashamed to touch it. For the truth was, I was haunted by the notion that it was not—emphatically not—fairly gained. Daryl at heart was a confirmed gambler, I knew too well—a master, an adept at all card-games and games of hazard; whilst Mr. Eversleigh, it appeared to me, was the merest novice, a raw beginner, compared with his opponent in this unequal warfare.

But what could I do? I was a brave woman in many ways, but not in all; and I feared to arouse Daryl's anger by speaking out boldly and telling him what I thought.

With him that mode of approaching a difficult point—so past experience had taught me—would inevitably lead to a downright quarrel. He would swear at me. I should wax calm and contemptuous as he grew more violent. He then would swear more horribly and taunt me with a hapless past. I, in silence and in indignation and with head erect, should march from his presence; and days of chill misery would follow as the sad result of all this. I had gone through it before—so cruelly well did I know how it all would be.

Yes, I was afraid to stir up my husband's anger. It was too dreadful and too humiliating as regarded consequences. So things, unchecked, undisturbed, went on as they had so strangely begun.

But I have recollections of other and happier evenings which belong to that portion of my life that was spent in the house of Mrs. Ramage. Twice or thrice, when Isla had had a really good day, and could without the least anxiety be left to the motherly guardianship of Mrs. Ramage—by whom, when she, Isla, was well and in better spirits than common, the child for a change liked being put to bed—Mr. Eversleigh had driven out to Chesterfield Avenue to carry off Daryl and me to some good theatre or other. He had, said he cheerily, got stalls for the Haymarket—for the St. James's—for the Lyceum, as the case might prove; and go we must, for the piece "on" was capital, and should not for the world be missed if one were in London to see it. And gone we had; and I, at all events, had enjoyed myself surprisingly.

And then, after the theatre, nothing would satisfy Leigh Eversleigh but that we must go back with him to the Temple to supper. It was awaiting us; his servant, sitting up, expected company; he would hear of no denial.

What beautiful rooms those of his were in that great old straggling block of solemn gray buildings that looked towards the river and the opposite shore and upon the quiet green gardens of the historic Temple! In those chambers of Leigh Eversleigh there were pictures and bric-a-brac—gems of their kind—Oriental door-curtains, many books, a few marble busts and some in terra-cotta, delightful lounging-chairs, and a fine piano.

"I am a barrister—a briefless barrister—you know," he would say lightly, with a mirthful gleam in his clear and pleasant eyes; "but I am afraid from my habits that one would hardly suspect it."

"One wouldn't," agreed Daryl, with a discontented shrug and a comprehensive glance at the bachelor-like luxury around him. "There are not many such deucedly lucky briefless ones as yourself, old man, I should guess, here in Sceptre Chambers!"

"Oh, I don't know about that!" Leigh answered sweet-temperedly. "There are lots of good fellows scattered about the dear old barrack, if you only know where to look 'em up."

On one occasion after supper Mr. Eversleigh asked me to sing, and at once opened his lovely piano. He himself was no mean performer, with a voice that was a clear true baritone.

"I am somehow sure that you sing, Mrs. Darkwood," he said; "although I have never heard you."

"She ought to if she don't," threw in Daryl indolently. He had drunk plenty of champagne, and was now lying back at full length in an arm-chair, with crumpled shirt-front and white tie all awry, and his long legs stretched to their widest over the Persian rug before him—a favorite attitude of his. "She had the best of masters out yonder, I can tell you." By "out yonder" Daryl meant abroad.

"I studied chiefly in Munich and Leipsic," I observed quietly; "they used to tell me that I sang well."

Mr. Eversleigh had a quantity of music, with most of which it proved I was familiar; and I selected from the heap an exquisite German love-song that was the composition of one of my old masters, who himself had taught me how it should be sung.

Leigh was enchanted, and was lavish in his thanks and praise.

"Why, Mrs. Darkwood, you have a most beautiful voice!" he cried enthusiastically. "If need were, you could with ease make

a fortune with it on the concert-platform or on the stage."

"Could she? Do you mean it?" exclaimed Daryl eagerly. "By Jove, Periwinkle, you'd better have a try!"

I smiled a little coldly, and did not answer. My ambition in life, as it happened, did not tend towards the stage. But then, alas, one never knows what is ahead of one in the future; and as often as not one's ambition has nothing to do with one's destiny!

Then, too, on more than one occasion, we had dined out of town with Leigh Eversleigh, driving in his phaeton, with its splendid dark chestnut pair, down to Richmond, or going by water to Hampton Court. And once he had had a real whitebait dinner with him at the "Ship"—I think it was—at Greenwich. On these pleasant healthy daylight excursions Isla had always accompanied us; and she said that Mr. Eversleigh was the kindest and the dearest gentleman she had ever known.

As soon as Daryl had discovered that Mr. Eversleigh was a passionate lover of music, he promptly hired a very good instrument from a pianoforte-tuner's in the Tregonda Road; so that, with Miss de Vere often practising her songs in the sitting-room dawn-stairs, and myself and Mr. Eversleigh singing German duets in the drawing-room above, there was occasionally a good deal of musical display to the fore at Mrs. Ramage's house in the Avenue. Mrs. Ramage herself however declared that it was just what she liked—it was cheerful and lively, and she enjoyed it amazingly; but what our immediate neighbors thought of it all I cannot say.

Often and often I wondered—indeed worried myself terribly in secret, wondering so much over the painful question—whether my husband had ever told Leigh Eversleigh anything or the whole of the history of our first meeting—the clandestine trysts that had followed—the hurried flight—the hasty marriage? Did Leigh Eversleigh know that—and the anguish of the thought at times made every vein in my body tingle—the shame of it seemed to scorch me from head to foot—that—that his friend had first seen me at, had taken me from Moor Edge; that I had, in those days before my marriage, been known as and called—Heaven pity me!—Flower Creedy? Did Leigh Eversleigh know this?

Thoroughly aware that Mr. Eversleigh was a gentleman in every sense of that so often glaringly misapplied word, I was confident that he had sought no information touching my antecedents, if Daryl himself of his own free will had vouchsafed none. But had—here came the torturing doubt—my husband, perchance in a maudlin fit of sentimental friendship, having drunk much strong drink, and having won much of Leigh Eversleigh's money into the bargain, voluntarily confided to his old schoolfellow and college-companion the story of those dead Moor Edge days when I had lived under the dreadful roof of my "uncle Simon"?

The two men seemed very intimate, therefore it was not unlikely—nay, it was really likely; for not infrequently, when Leigh had spent the evening in Chesterfield Avenue, Daryl—particularly if the night, or, to speak correctly, the early morning, were fine—would on foot accompany Mr. Eversleigh part of the way home.

"I will just stroll with you, old chap," my husband would say, rising rather crookedly and ramming on his hat, "as far as the corner of the Thingumy Road, and see you into a decent hansom."

And, Leigh having said good night to me, and perhaps apologised for having stayed so late, the two men, arm-in-arm, would start out together. And every one knows that moonlight chats are apt to wax somewhat gushing—especially after convivial hours and over "the last cigar"—that things are then said, secrets are then parted with, that would never be allowed to escape in broad day. But it was impossible to learn from Leigh's manner, at all events, how much he knew, or whether he knew anything at all. He was always kind and cheery, always courteous, always most winningly deferential in his least word or action towards me.

And not for worlds could I have asked Daryl outright. No! no! Perhaps had I plucked up the spirit to ask him, he would not have told me the truth.

However, an evening came when the gnawing misgiving, the horrible uncertainty, was destroyed and entirely set at rest.

Mr. Eversleigh had arrived at No. 11 rather later than his usual hour. He had brought some magnificent peaches for Isla, some lovely flowers for me.

He was expected too, I remember, on that evening—had come by special invitation "for his revenge," as Daryl said—a revenge, so it seemed to me, that was like a Will-o'-the-wisp, never to be overtaken by Leigh Eversleigh.

But somehow Leigh did not appear to mind; and Daryl over his friend's losses waxed oddly and boisterously sympathetic. Yes, it was all very queer, and to me then inexplicable.

Therefore, as Mr. Eversleigh was certain to come, my husband was ready for him when he did arrive. The card-table was open; the packs of cards were upon the circle of green cloth; upon the side-board, with its looking-glass doors and cheap marble slab, there were spirits and bottled ale, and a couple of large siphons of seltzer and soda-water.

"I know I am late," said our guest genially on entering; "but I dined at the 'Holborn' this evening, and there I met a man with whom I am slightly acquainted, and he was full of the summing-up business of the great murder trial at the Old Bailey. He literally button-holed me—little as I know of him—so that I absolutely could not get away."

Murder! The word smote my heart. I turned suddenly faint and sick.

"Man o' law, of course," observed Daryl lazily.

"Of course," assented Leigh, laughing; "and a terrible one of his kind, I do assure you, let him once begin to talk. He means, he says, to die a Q. C., and I fancy he will attain his ambition. Mrs. Darkwood,"—turning to me—"I suppose you have seen a paper to-day? If not, I have a *Globe* 'special' in my pocket. Would you like to look at it? The verdict this afternoon was 'Guilty;' but it could not possibly be anything else, could it? The punishment for so ghastly a crime could with justice be no other than death. Otherwise——"

Daryl just then, lying back in his chair, looking at me through his half-closed lids, his brilliant dark eyes, with the singularly gay red-brown light in them, gleaming, I fancied, quizzically but not unkindly through the dusky drooping lashes.

"Flower doesn't care a bit about newspapers," he cut in tranquilly. "Women seldom do, Eversleigh, whatever they may affect. They like a thing with plenty of fashion-plates, and a spicy novelette chucked in occasionally. My wife, at any rate, I believe, doesn't understand politics; and I am very sure that she doesn't like murders."

Mr. Eversleigh was again about to address me upon the subject of newspapers—perhaps murder trials—but I was not going to endure it. I could not. With an effort I arose, outwardly calm and smiling faintly, and said, before Leigh could continue—

"No; Daryl is right. I neither care for nor understand politics; and—and I never, never look at the horrible parts of newspapers—trials and murders, and—and so forth. They make me ill."

Then I drew Isla gently towards me, stroked her pretty short dark curls, and said rather hurriedly—

"My pet, it is your bed-time. Say good night to papa and Mr. Eversleigh, and come with me."

She put her tiny arms around Leigh's neck and whispered more shy thanks for the peaches; kissed her father in a hesitating, timorous manner, and then with her little hand lost in mine, she trotted off obediently to her cot, which stood by the bed in our room.

When Isla, in her wee white gown, knelt down to say her prayers, something—some curious unuttered yearning, perhaps some vague indescribable feeling of great thankfulness—prompted me to kneel by the dear little white innocent soul, and thus to gather her to my side.

She stopped to look inquiringly upward, and to ask—

"You are going to say your prayers too, mamma? And are you going to bed with me then as well?"

"Not going to bed, darling, yet. But I will say my prayers with you now."

"But you must say them again by-and-by, if you do," said Isla.

"Yes, again by-and-by. Hush, my dearest, or you will forget to say properly what mamma has taught you."

Thank Heaven! Clearly, after all, our true kind friend in that other room knew nothing—nothing! Had he, through Daryl, or through any one else, ever at any time obtained a glimpse of the truth, he, with his chivalrous heart and his sensitive regard for the feelings of others, would never—I was sure of it!—in my hearing, have said what he had said that night.

CHAPTER XII.

"Well," heartily exclaimed Aurora Ramage, or rather Miss de Vere, as both the girl herself and her proud yet simple-hearted mother preferred that she should be called—"well, I am glad of that! It will all fit in just beautifully now, Mrs. Darkwood, and dear mother will be able to have a change down there, as well as the rest of us. And I am sure she wants it as badly as any one. She works hard you know. I'm really tired of bothering her to get a slavey to help her in the house—a handy young 'general' of some sort—for it's no use. She says the dirty little creatures are more plague than profit, never honest, rarely civil after the first day or two, and she'd rather be without them. You see, Mrs. Darkwood, when I obtain a country engagement, if mother can't go with me, I have to put up with the company of my aunt Matilda—she's an old maid and lives at Hammersmith—and I never could endure my aunt Matilda. She is fidgety for one thing, and horridly particular for another."

"I wish," said I, feeling rather vexed over the matter, "that Doctor Morrison had not so strongly insisted upon Thangate, of all places in the world. I have heard that it is always dreadfully crowded, and—and not too nice at this time of the year."

"Well, it is rather a scrunge, if you mean that," admitted Miss de Vere, "just now, in the middle of August. But all the same it is very jolly, if one is happy and well. Were you ever there, Mrs. Darkwood?"

"Never. I know nothing beyond what I have been told of English seaside places."

"I do assure you, then, that Thangate isn't half bad; and the air there is the very finest air in England. Everybody says so. Every doctor in London would tell you so."

"Really you make one quite hopeful about it, Miss de Vere; and it will be pleasant to meet you and Mrs. Ramage in a strange place. I am indeed very glad that you are coming too," said I, smiling cordially, as we shook hands; Aurora going on her way down-stairs, I continuing my way up.

It was on the staircase that we had met, as we frequently did; and Miss de Vere, as was her habit, had stopped me for a few minutes' chat. She was a handsome girl of the cool and easy type, with a quantity of bright fair hair with a golden glint upon it, which in front she wore elaborately frizzed, and behind coiled into a knot. Ill-natured people said that it was dyed; but this was not true. There was nothing false—except her stage name—about Aurora Ramage. Her complexion was surprisingly good, considering the trying nature of her profession; and, though her mouth was somewhat large and without much expression, her teeth in every way were unquestionably beautiful. As a rule, she was remarkably well dressed, if sometimes just a trifle too fashionably so; and the Cockney accent which was an accident of birth she had, if not wholly conquered, at any rate labored hard to correct. In such words as "I," "my," "day," "way," it was perhaps faintly noticeable; but ordinarily, if not excited, she contrived to keep it well in subjection. For Miss de Vere was no fool—far from that; on the contrary, she was shrewd, receptive, and naturally observant. What she heard and saw in others she remembered and turned to her own advantage—that is, if there was aught to her own advantage to be gained by the observation. And this rare perceptive faculty of hers was always arrested by the right thing; seldom indeed by the wrong—hence her success. Yes, Miss de Vere was undoubtedly clever, and was perfectly capable of taking care of herself. As she would sometimes say, with a comical smile, and with, I think, pardonable vanity, her theatrical trainer had had very little difficulty in "knocking her into shape." This was slangy, I admit, but it was expressive, and it was true.

On that day at breakfast it had been decided that we could after all afford to go to the sea; for quite lately Daryl had again been most fortunate in selling more of his paintings. And, although they were small water-color ones, and hastily done, they had fetched at the dealer's an uncommonly good price. So Mr. Eversleigh had assured us; and he, as formerly, had managed the transaction.

"We can do about a month of it well, Periwinkle," said my husband, in his most airy and agreeable manner. "Where shall it be?"

"Oh, Daryl, I don't know!" I replied, deeply thankful. "I had better run round to Doctor Morrison after breakfast, I think, and ask him."

"All right—do," said Daryl. "I don't care a fly where it is."

"The sea, mamma—are we really going to the sea?" said Isla more eagerly than she usually spoke.

"Yes, my darling—really and truly," I told her, gathering her wee pink hand into mine and squeezing it under the table-cloth. "And you shall have a bucket and spade, and dig in the sand, and paddle in the water, and see the boats, and——"

"And Mr. Eversleigh—will he come too?" put in the little soul wistfully.

"No, he won't, Toddlekins," answered Daryl, who had risen, stretched himself, and gone to look out of the window. "He's off very soon to Norway or to the Mediterranean—I'm not sure which. But I dare say he'll wish you good-bye, little 'un, before he goes. 'Fact, he'd take you with him, no doubt, if you were to ask him. Who knows? Shall I make him a present of you—eh?"

Isla was silent. Always rather afraid of her father—for her frightened childish eyes had beheld him in his very worst moods, and children's memories are long ones—she was never quite certain whether he was in fun or in earnest.

There were some days when she would be unaccountably shy with him; and Daryl then would seize and "chaff" his little daughter until the sensitive tears bursting forth compelled him to desist from his cruel play.

Having strolled over to the sideboard and mixed for himself a large soda-and-brandy—he seldom ate any breakfast worth mentioning—he brushed his hat carefully, looked intently at himself in the glass, and then said he was going out.

When he was fairly gone, I rushed round to the Tregondo Road. Doctor Morrison was at home, and saw me directly. No place on earth like Thangate, he declared emphatically; and, since it was possible to give the child a change this sultry trying weather, why, of course, so much the better: it was exactly what she was in immediate need of; therefore get her away to Thangate as soon as practicable. The bracing air, the vigorous North Foreland breezes, would set her up for the coming winter.

On my return to No. 11, the first person I met in the house was Miss de Vere. Hearing what Doctor Morrison had said about the seaside, and that we were ordered to Thangate, she promptly expressed her satisfaction as to the arrangement in question.

It appeared that Mr. Binkworthy, proprietor of the Levity Theatre, was now a temporary manager of a place of public resort and entertainment at Thangate, called—I was told by Miss de Vere—the "Dome by the Waves;" and Miss Aurora de Vere, in the most popular songs of her London repertory, was shortly, in fact, almost immediately, to be sent down thither for a month's or six weeks engagement.

And now that we also were going away, Mrs. Ramage could shut up her house or leave it in charge of a less fortunate neighbor, and accompany her clever daughter Aurora for a holiday to the sea.

Mrs. Ramage—good amiable soul!—was greatly delighted in consequence. There was nothing now to hinder our starting as early as possible: and on that very day I began to make the necessary preparations for our journey out of town. That was on Monday, I remember; on Thursday morning at mid-day we were ready.

Miss de Vere had gone to the theatre for rehearsal—we had already said good-bye to her—but Mrs. Ramage was nodding and beaming in frewell to us at the cab window.

"We shall be down ourselves next week, Mrs. Darkwood—Aurora and me," said Mrs. Ramage. "I do hope we shall see something of you."

"I am sure I hope so too," replied I sincerely.

"Trust us! We shall look out for you," said Daryl, doffing his hat in his most absurdly polite manner. "I, for one, believe me, Mrs. Ramage, shall not be happy until—until—— Well, until you arrive and we meet."

"Lor', Captain, how you do talk!" sniggered Mrs. Ramage; then, observing that the luggage was secure overhead, and that there was nothing more to wait for, Mrs. Ramage added, still nodding and smiling, "Good-bye, Cap—sir, I mean; good-bye, Mrs. Darkwood; good-bye, missy, until next week!"

And off we went jolting in our fusty rickety four-wheeler from Chesterfield Avenue, leaving Mrs. Ramage waving her hand to us upon the doorstep of No. 11.

How little thought I on that morning that I should never see the place again!

Mr. Eversleigh was at Victoria to say good-bye and to wish us a pleasant stay in

Kent. Overnight, at our rooms he had said that we should meet him in the morning at the station.

"This will be a long farewell, Mr. Eversleigh," I remarked, more regretfully it may be than I myself was aware, "since you have decided upon the Mediterranean cruise."

We were strolling up and down the busy platform, with a quarter of an hour to spare, alongside the waiting train—I, Leigh Eversleigh, and Isla, who had got tight hold of her kind friend's hand. Daryl had gone for the tickets.

"Yes," replied Leigh absently.

"I wonder very much that you have remained in town so long, Mr. Eversleigh, when everybody who could do it went away weeks ago," I said, simply making the observation because he was so silent. He did not, I fancied, seem in his usual spirits to-day.

"Do you?" he smiled—a quiet, thoughtful smile.

"Yes, I do. Daryl says London is empty—a howling wilderness; but that of course is nonsense."

"Yes, that is nonsense," said Leigh, as if however he was thinking of something else.

I made another attempt to support the conversation.

"Well," said I briskly, "yachting this glorious weather must, I should imagine, be charming work—or sport—for those who are fond of it and who are good sailors."

"Perhaps; it depends, you know," said Mr. Eversleigh vaguely.

Here Daryl came back, pushing his way through the crowd, heated and inclined to be hilarious. Besides the booking-office, he had doubtless paid a visit to a refreshment-bar.

"There's no second, I hear, to this train, Flower," said he; "it's either first or third. So I took firsts."

"Oh, Daryl!" I was beginning involuntarily; but he cut me short.

"Hang it all, you wouldn't have us go down packed in with a lot of beastly excursionists, would you," he exclaimed impatiently—"unless you wish particularly to get smothered in crumbs and be deafened by a chorus of yelling babies! Come, little 'un, look sharp and jump in with your mother—there's no time to lose."

He was holding open the door of an empty first-class compartment; and, as there was no gainsaying him, in we got. It was Daryl's way. When he had money to spend, he spent it extravagantly—recklessly; when it was all gone, and he wanted more and could not get it, then came the time for anathematising everything and everybody about him save himself.

Mr. Eversleigh, suddenly recollecting the bookstall, had rushed of to another part of the station. He returned as speedily, laden with society journals and illustrated papers.

"To enliven the tedium of the journey, little maid," he smiled, pushing them through the open carriage window into Isla's arms. Her pocket was already stuffed with a large box of Mr. Eversleigh's chocolate-creams; and the papers and the magazines I knew were meant for me.

"I do wish you were coming too!" said she, with an earnestness that was almost pathetic in a child like Isla.

"Who can tell? The yacht may sail your way, Isla," said Leigh gravely. "Yachts are very unmanageable things sometimes."

"Oh, how I wish it would!" lisped she, her small face lighting up at the bare idea.

"Bon voyage!" cried Daryl, putting Isla roughly aside from the window and leaning out himself to grasp Leigh Eversleigh's strong white hand, whereon the one massive gold ring that he ever wore flashed with its diamond in the mid-day sun. "Let us have a line, if possible, old chap, before you start—we'll send you our address as soon as we've got one; and let us hear occasionally of your whereabouts too. Will you?"

"All right—you shall," promised Leigh, with fair head uncovered.

"Good-bye!"—"Good-bye!"

The bell had rung for the last time. Late passengers, with luggage nowhere to be seen, were running wildly up and down. The engine gave a horrid shriek and poured forth clouds of angry white steam. Then the train seemed to strain and groan as if it wanted a friendly push behind just to start it; and we began to move slowly out of the station.

How well can I recall every incident—every trivial incident—of that sunny August morning, when, steaming out of the huge Pimlico station, bound for our seaside trip, we left Leigh Eversleigh standing alone upon the platform, staring after the vanishing train.

CHAPTER XIII.

DARYL DARKWOOD soon wearied of a place like Thangate. If he was in a good temper, this seaside town, according to him, was "really jolly—so free and easy—and all that."

If his humor was a bad one, the place was "a filthy hole, or "beastly low," or some other equally choice epithet would with vigor be applied to it, to distinguish it from the superior watering-places elsewhere that he had known and frequented in by-gone days.

This being the case with my husband he found manifold excuses for running up to town. There were some sketching materials that he wanted and must have, and that could be got only at a certain shop, either in Bond street or in Piccadilly; or a picture dealer in Haymarket wanted particularly to see him; so that if he did not go directly he would in all likelihood lose the chance of a "good thing." There were other transparent excuses besides, but I cannot remember them now.

Therefore, it happened that Isla and I were at all times left a good deal to ourselves, to amuse ourselves in the best way we could.

But I do not think we much cared; we were very happy together; and I was so thankful—so unspeakably thankful—to perceive that her dips into the sea and the wild sea-breezes, keen with ozone, were bringing a faint tinge of rose-color into the dear little wan cheeks of my child.

She often, long and patiently, looked over the blue-green sea, watching for "Mr. Eversleigh's yacht."

"Is this it, mamma, do you think?" she would say wistfully, when the London boat, bound for some summer haunt farther along the coast, stopped on its way at the head of Thangate pier, or when some distant steamer, with black smoke veining the fair sky, loomed in sight upon the dim horizon where heaven and sea seemed to meet.

It hurt me to have to tell her that he would never come as she expected—she looked so sorrowful and disappointed. Still, I do not think that she altogether believed me; for her faith in Leigh's word was firm; and had not he said to her that yachts were sometimes unmanageable things, and that he might after all come sailing her way?

And so Isla, notwithstanding my asseverations, watched every day. The weather was perfect, lovely beyond description. Thangate was "crammed," as people expressed it—truly a somewhat mixed multitude—a motley crowd.

But we had been most fortunate, all the same, in the matter of rooms, having found some quite clean and well furnished apartments, on terms not too extravagant, in the higher and healthier part of the town "crescent," hard by the great Cliff Hotel itself.

Everybody at Thangate went on to the pier, which, owing to its length and diversified attractions, was the principal lounge and promenade of the town. Indeed the humors of Thangate pier would fill a big volume, I used to think.

Isla and I had, as usual, been down to the sands for our morning dip, to listen to the minstrels, the hurdy-gurdy boys, and to the other vagrant musicians that abounded there; then into the town for a little necessary shopping; and then on to the long and breezy pier for our mid-day blow.

Daryl had gone up to London by an early train, and would not come back, so he fancied, until the following day.

At this lazy sunny noontide hour the pier was thronged. There were a few invalids to be seen in bath-chairs; but the sufferers really looked as if they were well upon the high road to health again, and they chatted and joked with the friends who gathered round them and inhaled the Thangate air meanwhile.

The band, a passable one, was playing favorite airs from the newest comic opera, and other popular tunes; the refreshment bars in the gay pavilion were driving their customary lively morning trade.

There was much bustle going forward at and above the landing-stage, for a boat, packed thick with fresh arrivals, was just in at the pier-head.

We had now been at Thangate something over a week, but we had heard nothing at present of Leigh Eversleigh; although Daryl, as soon as we were settled in our lodgings on the cliff, had written to him at his old address in the Temple. Clearly he had not yet started on the Mediterranean cruise; or, if he had started he must have forgotten us.

I had brought a book with me from the circulating-library; but I was not reading. I was watching the people.

Good heavens, what a number of young men and young women from the London shops there seemed to be taking holiday down at Thangate—at least from an indescribable something or other about them, it might be in their attire or in their manner, perhaps in their voices, one judged them to be of that class.

What a number of fat—awfully fat—overdressed women of all sorts, years and conditions. What swarms of children, with third-rate nurse maids!

What flurried hot mammas, with yet more children; and what queer looking papas, with rugs and hand-bags, there were now arriving by the London boat! And how ill, too, some of them looked—those poor adventuresome folk who in a rash moment had elected "to go down by the boat!"

Jews as well, I noticed, appeared to be very fond of Thangate. They were to be met with at every corner, adding in no mean measure to the brilliancy of the company by their rich apparel and their gorgeous jewels.

Here and there one caught sight in the crowd, but only occasionally, of some one who looked actually "nice"—I mean some one who was indubitably a gentleman or a gentlewoman—an agreeable contrast to immediate surroundings that diverted for a while but soon palled. Yet, such glimpses, I repeat, were rare.

Presently Isla came running up to where I was sitting, my head and back well protected by a large sun umbrella, and cried breathlessly—

"Mamma, mamma dear, Mrs. Ramage and Miss de Vere are here!"

I started at the news, genuinely pleased to hear it.

"Are they, darling? Where?"

"Over there," nodded Isla, looking at the boat. "Shall I go and tell them that you are here as well, mamma?"

"Do, dear," I willingly told her, and away the little creature scampered on her errand.

Yes, beyond a doubt the Thangate air was doing wonders for Isla. Doctor Morrison was quite right. Never before in her brief young life had I seen her so active and so bright.

Soon she returned to me, borne in the arms of Mrs. Ramage, with Mrs. Ramage's overwhelming kisses still smarting on her delicate cheeks.

Miss de Vere, cordially smiling and showing her fine teeth, followed more leisurely in her mother's wake.

Mrs. Ramage was gaily attired in brand-new clothes, in which perhaps she seemed scarcely at ease, whilst Miss de Vere was more quietly dressed than usual in the palest of pretty pink gowns, and a plain large straw hat.

She was neatly gloved and shod, and looked strikingly handsome, revealing her admirable sense by never on any pretext or on any occasion whatever wearing paint or powder out of doors—indeed, never off the stage.

Naturally of robust health, she naturally always looked well; albeit she did not disdain a most becoming pink lining to the sunshade she had brought out with her that morning.

No one would have guessed, at any rate, from her appearance, that she was the identical Miss Aurora de Vere, "the lady serio-comic artiste," from the Levity theatre in London, whose name, in the biggest and boldest of capitals, stared at one from all the boardings in Thangate.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A SNAKE STORY.—Now is the time for the country papers to trot out their snake stories. They are not likely, however, to find a better one than that which comes from a place not a hundred miles away:

"A gentleman was walking about his grounds one day, when he saw a snake, which at once made for its hole. It had nearly disappeared, when the gentleman caught it by the tip of the tail, and, drawing it out with a jerk, threw it to a distance. The snake gathered itself together, and while its enemy was looking for a weapon with which to kill it, got into the hole again. Once more it was pulled out and once more it returned to earth, while a vain search was made for a stick. It was wrenched from its home a third time, and again the return journey was made. But on this occasion the snake, when it got to the hole, turned around and went in tail first, triumphantly snapping its fangs as it retreated into the earth."

THE man who can be nothing but serious or nothing but merry, is but half a man.

Bric-a-Brac.

ABOUT CAT'S CRADLE.—Most of our readers have played at cat's cradle—that interesting string and finger game. Let us tell you, however, that it has nothing to do with pussy, though you will doubtless be surprised to hear it. The words are really meant for cratch (or manger) cradle, in allusion to the cradle in which the infant Jesus lay.

SNOW IN BALL-ROOMS.—Not long ago, on a very cold night, a ball was held in a town in Sweden, and in the course of the evening the room got so hot that some of the ladies fainted. As the windows were so hard frozen that they could not be opened, a pane of glass was broken. The effect was curious; the inrush of cold condensed the watery vapor (which the heat had hitherto dissolved) in the air of the room, and caused it to fall in the form of snow. Though this rather astounded the dancers, it was what might have been expected in the circumstances, and the thing is of frequent occurrence in Russia.

THE CATHARINE WHEEL.—Most of us have seen the pretty firework called by this name, which whirls itself round faster and faster as the fire spreads over the spokes. How did it come to be known as the wheel of St. Catharine? Here is the story: Catharine was a maid of royal descent who lived in Alexandria hundreds of years ago. At a sacred feast held by order of the Emperor Maximinus II., she made public profession of her faith in the teachings of Christ. This was reckoned a great crime, and she was put to death by torture by means of a wheel. But in memory of this martyrdom the wheel afterwards bore her name.

WHILE EATING.—Where neither decency nor politeness are known, the man who invites his friends to a repast is greatly embarrassed to testify his esteem for his guests, and to present them with some amusement: for the savage guest imposes on him this obligation. Amongst the greater part of the Indians formerly the host was continually on the watch to solicit them to eat, but touched nothing himself. When civilization advances, men wish to show their confidence to their friends; they treat their guests as relations; and it is said that in China the master of the house to give a mark of his politeness, absents himself while his guests regale themselves at his table with undisturbed revelry.

THE SAILOR'S WATCH.—A day on board ship is divided into five watches of four hours each, and two of two hours each. A bell is rung every half-hour, the number of strokes being equal to the number of half-hours that have passed. "Three bells" thus indicate the third half hour of the watch; "five bells" the fifth half-hour, and so forth. The two short watches are from 4 to 6 P. M., and from 6 to 8 P. M. They are called "dog" watches and are used to prevent the same men from always having the same watch. The other watches are called the "long" watches; the word "dog" being a corruption of "dodge," the watch is thus the dodging watch. The afternoon watch begins at noon; then follow the first and second dog watches; the first night watch comes next, then the middle, morning, and forenoon watches in the order named. A ship's crew of ordinary size is divided into two sets, one set taking charge of the vessel while the other sleeps. The sets, it will be understood, relieve each other every watch.

THE STORY OF A CHINESE RAILWAY.—If all the railways in America could be made to disappear at once, we should find ourselves in a state of great distress. In China, however, there is not a single railway. About 1876 a short line was constructed from Shanghai to Woosung, a distance of only eight miles. The land was bought by a British company, and the line was laid, and trains were running before the Imperial authorities at Peking knew anything about it. Natives flocked, from all parts to have a ride in the "fire-carriage" that went snorting and puffing along to their boundless astonishment. But the Government took a most serious view of the concern. They tried to get the undertaking suppressed, and at length, when a Chinaman was killed by the train, the engine-driver was charged with manslaughter. Matters grew worse and worse, and so the company at last agreed to hand the line over to the Chinese authorities for a large sum of money. As soon as this was done, the line was torn up, the materials were carted away, and the ruins of the first and only passenger railway in China are now lying in decay in the forests of Formosa.

IN THE DUST.

BY E. C. D.

A song of the setting sun!
The sky in the west is red,
And the day is all but done;
While yonder up over head
(Ah, too soon!)
There rises—so cold—the cynic moon.

A song of a Winter day!
The wind of the north doth blow,
From a sky that's chill and gray,
On fields, where no crops now grow—
Fields long shorn
Of bearded barley and golden corn.

A song of an old, old man!
His hairs are white and his gaze
Long bleared in his visage wan,
With its weight of yesterdays;
Joylessly,
He stands and mumbles and looks at me.

A song of a faded flower!
'Twas plucked in the tender bud,
And fair and fresh for an hour,
In a lady's hair it stood;
Now—Ah now,
Faded it lies in the dust and low.

LIGHT AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—[CONTINUED.]

SHALL I speak to her, Mr. Charlford? My voice might rouse her," he said, in agony.

"You would not like to add to her grief, or to cause her another shock?" returned her father gently. "No; go to town to-day, see the physician early to-morrow, hear his advice, and then come back here if he counsels it."

What could Neville do but submit? The advice seemed kind and reasonable. But yet, as he turned away, his heart called loudly to him to remain.

What could he do however? How could he insist on seeing Mabel in the circumstances? He must see the physician: it was the sole thing that he could at once do.

And he went, leaving Mabel's father apparently bowed to the earth with grief, and Mabel herself pacing up and down the strip of greensward at the back of the cottage where the old gardener was still mowing the tall grass.

He hastened up to London, and, though it was evening when he arrived there, he went straight to Doctor Crane's.

"Can I see the Doctor?" he asked of the servant who admitted him.

"No; Doctor Crane sees patients only up to one o'clock," was the reply.

In agony of soul Neville made an appointment for noon the next day, and turned away.

He walked on without knowing whither, entirely oblivious of the direction in which he was going.

Suddenly he was arrested by a block in the street, by hurried sharp cries, by a throng of people running together; and so, brought to a stand still; perforce, he looked up, and recognized at the same instant two unexpected things—first, that he was in the neighborhood of Leicester Square when he thought that he was nearing Kensington; second, that just at the corner of the by-street opposite stood a young woman dressed in the garb of some sisterhood.

Their eyes met for a moment, and he started with questioning surprise.

Who was she? Where had he seen her? What was she doing there?

The next instant she turned back hastily—though she had appeared as if about to cross the street—and was flying in an opposite direction.

Darting under the horses' heads, he followed in pursuit.

"Good heavens," he gasped, as he threaded his way after the tall slight figure dressed in a gray garb and close bonnet, "why is she here? It is Caroline Charlford!"

He had not heard a word about that secret meeting by the pool which had so terrified Mabel, but in the alarmed glance which had met his, in the effort she made to elude him, in the disguise she was wearing, he was quick to divine some mystery.

Miss Charlford of Charlford House in such a neighborhood, unattended, and at such an hour!

Had it anything to do with the mystery which had filled his life with despair? Was Mabel perfectly sane after all?

Doctors were deceived sometimes—they often make mistakes, for they were but human.

A couple of carriages, a costermonger's cart, and a hansom cab all running close together brought his pursuit to an unsuccessful termination.

There was a pause of but half a minute, but then not a trace of the figure in gray was to be seen.

"It was Caroline Charlford!" he repeated to himself, as he stood still to draw breath. "Is Mabel right after all?"

And he reflected that her father was at the cottage, and that Caroline could take a journey to town unquestioned.

Dick too was absent; Lord Wynmore had not seen or heard anything of him for some days now.

Much perturbed, he sought his town-house slowly, musing all the while on his strange rencontre.

"If I could only have tracked her!" he murmured, as he took his way westwards. "I feel assured that she recognized me, as I did her."

Thoroughly disquieted, he thought suddenly of sending a telegram to Miss Charlford, and asking her to telegraph a reply—that would enlighten him as to whether she was or was not at Charlford House. His excuse would be to ask for the address of the physician who had first seen her sister, as he was in town for a short time only, and wished to consult him.

But no answer came back to him from Caroline.

It was Miss Gray who replied to the message, with the information that Miss Charlford was absent for a night at a cousin's house, and that she much regretted not to be able to send him the name of the physician.

But Neville had obtained the information sought. Caroline Charlford was not at home—it was therefore possible that she had been in town.

If it was so in reality, then indeed some strong and hidden motive must have prompted her to act thus secretly.

Noon the next day came round at last, after heavy intervening hours; and Neville presented himself before Doctor Crane.

The physician immediately remembered being consulted about Miss Mabel Charlford's mental state.

He had felt a great interest in her case; he had minutely questioned her.

"Did you consider her mind deeply affected?" asked Neville.

"The delusion was deep-seated. I went into the matter fully with the young lady's father," said the physician, "and then I talked a good deal to her herself. Her malady is one of those subtle diseases which it is so difficult to combat. My own impression is that she must have received a violent mental shock which awakened latent insanity. Time however may do much, for she is very young. At present it is absolutely impossible to shake her belief in certain baseless ideas which afflict her. It is a very sad case indeed. Of course I infer that you are deeply interested in her recovery, or you would not come to consult me?"

"I am engaged to her," answered Neville. "We are deeply attached to each other, but she refuses to see me. Would there be danger in my presenting myself before her? Would there be any risk of a fresh shock to her system?"

"It is impossible to speak decidedly on such a subject. I am not prepared to say that it would do harm; still it would probably agitate her severely. In that case it might be disastrous."

"Doctor Crane," cried Neville, "can anything else be done?"

"Nothing—quiet, fresh air, freedom from anxiety are all that I can prescribe at present."

"And you consider her insane?"

"I do, and must do so while she remains under this unhappy delusion. Let us hope it will wear out."

"But suppose it is not a delusion? Suppose that some basis exists for what are now accounted ideas without foundation?" pursued Neville.

"Ah, if you could show me that, you would of course alter the whole complexion of the case! But there is no proof to go upon that her idea has a foundation. On the contrary, everything goes to show that she is suffering from delusions, a common form of mental disease. I wish from my soul that I could tell your lordship otherwise, but the facts ought to speak to you as they do to me. Come to me again in a short time, and give me news of your betrothed. At present I must see other patients whom I have kept waiting."

Neville left the physician's house in a positive ferment of mind.

He paced up and down the long London street for fully half an hour, at the end of which time he had apparently come to a resolution, for, hailing a hansom, he jumped into it and drove away.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHARP autumn weather!" said Mr. Charlford to the Rector, as they met one day outside the avenue leading to the great house.

"Yes," replied the latter, who had grown bent and infirm since the evening on which he had received tidings of his brother's having had a paralytic stroke, and on which Dick had accompanied him to London. "Any more hopeful accounts of your daughter, Mr. Charlford?" asked the Rector, with real interest and concern.

"None," answered Mr. Charlford, with a dejected air which completely saddened the Rector. "The dear child sits listless and apathetic throughout the day, but eats and sleeps well. The medical men do not seem to think that an encouraging sign; they say she may recover, but that the attack will recur. Oh, my dear friend, forgive me for shrinking from the mention of such an affliction! You know how much we rejoiced in my darling Mabel's happy prospects, and how suddenly they were swept away!"

Here Mr. Charlford broke off, as if unable to add another word; and the Rector, wringing his hand in silence, passed on his way with deep sympathy in his heart for the sorrowing father.

Indeed all the county felt an interest in the fate of the young and lovely girl who, with such a radiant future before her, had been stricken with that saddest of all ills that mortals are liable to—insanity.

She had been seized with delusions, which had been first betrayed by a fixed belief that she had seen her father in England at a time when he was far on his road to Germany, as the receipt of letters the next morning testified.

From that hour these unhappy delusions took various forms.

At one time she imagined one thing, then some new strange fancy haunted her, till finally the monomania centred itself in an idea that if she married Lord Wynmore, to whom she was undoubtedly deeply attached, she would be committing a grievous sin.

Her poor father, crushed to the earth by the blow which had fallen upon him, had, after adopting every other plan for his child's recovery, taken a pretty cottage for her, and placed her under the care of trained attendants, hoping against hope that she might some day return to the family circle.

Mr. Charlford would not permit his young daughter to enter a private asylum, and had willingly incurred the great expense of providing a separate residence for her, for she needed careful attention, and it was, alas, no longer possible nor even beneficial for her to reside at home.

Such was the story circulated far and wide in the neighborhood of Charlford House; and it was fully credited.

After a few weeks Mr. Charlford took his family abroad, in the hope that the change of scene would cheer them and keep his young daughters from dwelling too much upon the affliction which had befallen their sister Mabel.

Miss Gray accompanied her pupils as chaperon, and Mr. Charlford left them in her care while he himself returned to England to see his afflicted child. How could he be long absent from her?

Meanwhile Lord Wynmore could not tear himself from the house which no longer gave him any delight.

He denied himself to all visitors, and laid aside all his usual occupations, lingering on, a forlorn and unspeakably wretched man, at Wynmore Manor.

Here, like her for whom he grieved, he passed the long care-laden days, seeing no one, doing nothing save that which duty enforced, his splendid mansion all shut up except the few apartments he himself occupied.

Whenever he went beyond the bounds of his own estate, it was to find his way to the cottage in which Mabel lived.

But his journey was never repaid by a sight of her whom he so fondly worshipped.

No matter how earnest were his entreaties for admission to her presence, the answer to them all was the same. She was dead to him, and implored him to spare himself and her the agony of a renewed farewell.

Nevertheless he made periodical visits to the cottage; and, though hope was dying in his breast, he said to himself that he must live near where she lived whilst she lasted.

He hardly noted the transition from summer to autumn, and from autumn to the first chills of winter.

It was of no interest to him whilst she whom he loved shrouded herself from his sight.

Lady Effington was abroad, whence she wrote letters full of affectionate entreaty that her brother would come to her and let her share his grief; but he answered that his suffering would be augmented if he put a greater distance between himself and his soul's beloved, and that, so far as he knew, he should never leave the Manor again except for his grave.

Then his sister begged that he would let her come to him, but he negatived this proposal also.

Thus he stayed on, alone and lonely, in his ancestral home, the house shut up, no sound echoing through it save that of the servants in the domestic offices.

In the cottage itself Mabel was hardly more secluded, more entirely shut out from the world, than was Neville Wynmore, the wealthy, courted young peer.

One day, as she whom he mourned and remembered so faithfully stood watching the trees swaying in the wind, she suddenly resolved that she would go home. It was so long since she had seen Dick and Netta and Bella.

Though she was as it were dead and buried—though all the pleasures of life were past for her—yet she had a yearning to see again those who were so dear to her.

And she was stronger, able to walk about once more; it was better to go home and take up her abode in her own room, occupying herself with a few simple duties.

She would never go into society, never lay aside the garments of woe; but she would go home.

There she would see Dick—there she would now and then for a brief part of the day see her sisters.

She had surely been away from them long enough; and she looked altered enough and sufficiently out of health to make it evident to the household that she had indeed been seriously ill, and had needed the change from home.

"Mary," she said, in her usual quiet tones, turning to the maid, who generally sat working in the next room, "I have decided to go home. Will you pack up my things to-day, as I shall write to my father to let him know that we may be expected to-morrow?"

Mabel was surprised to notice a suppressed smile on the maid's countenance, but she rose, folded up her work, and answered—

"Very well, miss."

"I shall leave by the two-o'clock train—that will give you and Jane plenty of time," added Mabel.

"There's sure to be time enough, miss," replied the girl, slowly turning away her head.

Mabel thought the servant's manner odd, but proceeded to write to her father—never without a shudder did she so name him—then packed up a few books and other valuables, and spent the rest of the day till nightfall gazing sadly from the window at the swaying trees and the leaves whirling in the wind.

The thought of her return home kept her awake, and she did not rise till late the next morning.

Before leaving her room she noticed that her trunks were not packed.

"How is this, Mary?" she asked. "You have got nothing packed, and it is new eleven o'clock."

"No, miss," answered the woman somewhat confusedly; "but, if you please, miss, if I were you, I'd wait and hear what Mr. Charlford says. No doubt he'd like best to come and fetch you; and, besides, there isn't a train at two o'clock."

"You are mistaken—I have looked at Bradshaw; and my father begged me to return at any time I wished. And, as I have written to him, I shall go to-day."

"Oh, indeed, miss, I can't get your trunks packed till to-morrow!" declared the maid.

"Then I shall go without my luggage, and it must be sent after me. I cannot understand why you should try to defer my journey," rejoined Mabel, wondering at the girl's conduct.

"Well, miss, I've no more to say. You had better ask Mrs. Feathers about the train, miss."

"I will do so; but there can be no mistake," said Mabel, turning away; and she went at once to speak to the housekeeper.

She met that important personage in the hall, and immediately addressed her.

Mrs. Feathers listened with apparent attention—she had curtseyed when she saw her young lady—but Mabel detected on her face a repressed smile such as had crossed Mary's lips the day before.

"The train is in Bradshaw, Mrs. Feathers," repeated Mabel with dignity.

"Yes, miss; but they make mistakes sometimes,"

"Then I will walk to the station and inquire," said Mabel, taking a cloak from the hall, and her hat, which hung close by.

The housekeeper immediately stepped forward and closed the door.

"What does this mean?" asked Mabel.

"Well, miss, your papa's orders are most positive that we should take the utmost care of you in your weak state; and the station is a place you couldn't in no wise go to—it's too noisy and bustling. You'd best walk in the garden, or somewhere where it's quiet."

"Mrs. Feathers," said Mabel, with authority in her tone, "I am going home to-day; and of course I shall act for myself in such a matter. My father will send the carriage to meet the train I have named. Will you be good enough to help Mary to pack my boxes at once? I suppose she did not venture to act against your orders, as she has not done what I told her yesterday I should require."

Mrs. Feathers, apparently submissive, retired with another curtsey, whilst Mabel, with a heavy heart, entered the breakfast-room and drank her coffee.

"I shall not want luncheon, Jane," she said, when the other attendant came in.

"Very well, miss."

Mabel lingered below for another three-quarters of an hour, in order to give the servants time to execute her commands; but, when she re-entered her room at one o'clock, not a thing had been taken from drawers or wardrobe.

She rang her bell much more sharply than usual, and Mrs. Feathers, followed by Mary, answered the summons.

"How is it that my orders are not attended to?" asked Mabel firmly.

"Is it about the packing of your things, my dear miss?" questioned the housekeeper, glancing at Mary, who stood by with a nervous air.

"Certainly. I cannot imagine your reason for refusing to perform so simple a duty. Of course I must inform my father of it. I am now going to leave, and shall walk to the station, as I suppose you have not sent for a fly?"

"No; we forgot it, my dear miss," replied Mrs. Feathers, beginning to be a little nervous herself.

Mabel turned from the two women and went down-stairs, meeting Jane the other maid, in the hall.

Without noticing her, Mabel went to the hall door and attempted to open it. To her surprise she found it locked and the key removed.

A sudden sharp fear seized her. Why was this?

"Will you open the door, Jane? It is fastened," was all she said however.

"Fastened is it, miss?" said Jane. "I wonder what for? Depend upon it there's a reason for it. Mr. Fox, the man who comes to keep the lawn tidy and do up the garden, said as how he might have to lock the door when it wasn't safe for us to go out. So I wouldn't ask to go to-day if I was you, miss."

Mabel looked at her fixedly. A whirl of emotions overcame her. What was the meaning of this? Was she then a prisoner?

She sat down, completely prostrated by the frightful and sudden conviction that, if she was not allowed to leave the house, it could be only by her father's orders. He had not scrupled to deceive her as he had done before. Oh, heavens, had he deceived her in that other matter which concerned

a fellow-creature's life?

The very thought was so terrible to Mabel that it rendered her speechless for the moment, and the woman Jane slipped away to avoid further questioning.

More than a couple of hours elapsed, and still the unhappy girl sat on the hall-chair upon which she had sunk on realizing the falseness of her father's conduct towards herself.

He did not wish her then again to appear among them at home! The sight of her would recall too vividly that awful night when she had interfered to save a human being from destruction, and had saved her father also from the commission of an awful deed.

And Dick had not written to her lately—had not been to see her. Did this also mean something disastrous for her? A feeling of horror seized her.

"Whatever happens, I will escape—I will escape! To stay here after this would be too cruel a death!" she thought. "But I must mislead them, or all hope is past."

This fixed resolution supported her. She must seem to acquiesce—she must restrain herself, and be quiet and gentle, allowing it to appear as if she awaited the arrival of her father to take her away.

Even at this juncture she did not realize the fact that all her attendants in the house—all her old friends and acquaintances—Miss Gray, her sisters, Dick himself, Neville even, believed that she was deranged; but that cruel enlightenment was not far distant.

No sooner had she resolved to disguise her feelings than she left the hall, where she had sat so long wrapped in bitter musings, re-entered the sitting-room, and rang the bell.

"I shall have letters for the post," she said quietly.

"Yes, miss," replied Mary, relieved by the quiet manner of her young mistress.

"And, Mary, I want to know whether it is my father's directions that you have all prevented me from going home? For, if so, of course I should do what my father wishes."

"Well, miss, you're very good, I'm sure," said Mary. "Your papa did think it best that you should not go back just yet—not till you're stronger. He'll come and fetch you himself, maybe, if you'll just write him a bit of a note."

"I am going to write now, and to my sisters. We can go up and down the garden walk, I suppose, Mary, as usual?"

"Oh, yes, miss! The doctor is most particular in saying, every time he comes here, that we are to take you out for walks and give you as much fresh air as possible."

"The doctor? He has not been for a long time, Mary."

"I mean the gentleman you call your uncle, miss. Never mind—it's all the same."

The unhappy girl felt painfully bewildered.

Uncle John had been pretending to the servants that he was the doctor! But why? It could be only because he desired the attendants to suppose that she saw a medical man; for it would be strange indeed for a person supposed by them to be a good deal out of health—so complete an invalid as to need absolute retirement—not to be prescribed for by a doctor.

But of course a doctor would easily discover that she was suffering more from mental anguish than from bodily weakness—hence the singular deception uncle John had practiced.

Thus the still unsuspecting girl explained to herself her uncle's part in the matter.

The remainder of the day seemed unusually long. She felt worn out with her emotions when at last the clock struck eleven.

"You do look completely wearied out, miss," remarked Mary, as she brushed her mistress's long hair.

"I am very tired, Mary," answered Mabel.

"Then you'll sleep sound, I hope, miss," said Mary.

"Thank you; I think so," was her gentle reply.

Half an hour afterwards the maid, who slept at the end of the room under the pretext of being at hand in case she should be wanted, re-entered and softly approached the bed. Mabel however did not unclose her eyes.

"She's fast asleep, poor young lady!" remarked the girl, in a whisper; and then Mabel became conscious that there was another person in the room—Mrs. Feathers.

Mabel lay perfectly still, as if in profound repose.

"Is she asleep? That's well!" whispered the housekeeper. "Really to-day was almost beyond what I could do—she seems in some ways so like as if she had her real mind."

"That's just it," murmured the other woman; "and she is in her right mind about a good many things, only them delusions is strong upon her concerning particular things and particular people. Fancy her always mistaking the doctor for her own uncle! And to this day they declare that she believes she saw her papa, wearing a broad-brimmed hat, walking about in the moonlight by the edge of the water, when at that very time poor Mr. Charlford was away in Germany, as letters prove well enough which came by post the next morning as ever was. There's a fancy for you! It's like what one o' these lunatic folks think and do, so we mustn't be surprised at it. I do pity Mr. Charlford, her papa, for he's that fond of her 'tis enough to make your heart bleed to hear him speak about her, poor dear gentleman!"

"And I feels just like you, Mary," responded Mrs. Feathers. "With all his riches, to have this affliction come upon him! They say he has shut up his country place and taken his family away abroad to cheer their spirits; but, bless you, he can't settle to stay with them himself! He just left them there in the care of their governess, and come straight back to England, just to be near this one who's off her head, as one may say."

"I wonder if 'twas for that young lord that turned her brain?" observed Mary. "She was bright and clever enough before she was engaged to him, I've heard. But no sooner did she meet him, and get attached to him, and the wedding-day fixed, than these fancies took hold of her.

"'Tis what all of them does—fancy some dreadful thing. She's got a fixed notion that it would be sinful for her to marry the young lord, and so parted from him, though it broke her heart. No wonder Mr. Charlford feels it as he does, poor gentleman! I do like him, with that sad pleasant smile of his and his libral ways!"

"Ah, to be sure!" chimed in Mary. "'Twas but the other day, last Thursday as ever was, he sent me a golden guinea, leastways a sovereign and a shilling, which comes to the same thing, and a message he sent too, 'Be kind to my darling afflicted daughter,' he says; 'and may Heaven reward you!' The doctor brought me the money—him as she calls 'uncle John.'"

"Well, you were fortunate," said Mrs. Feathers, too acute to disclose the fact that she herself had received five pounds.

It was with Mabel's own money that Mr. Charlford bribed her keepers and won golden opinions for himself.

Not for a moment were his motives questioned by any one.

Was not Mabel his own child, a fair and treasured daughter, even though demented?

The women whispering near the unhappy girl's bed guessed nothing of the wild tumult that their words had raised, for Mabel never stirred despite the agony of fear and indignation which tortured her.

Accounted mad! This was the explanation of the women's behavior yesterday. Now her father could work his will as he would.

His will! Oh, what would happen if that man again crossed his path?

Mrs. Feathers and Mary continued their chat.

"'Tis to be hoped they'll be able to turn her from what they're so afraid of," said Mrs. Feathers, sitting down, and placing her feet on the fender.

"What's that?" asked Mary, with interest in her tones.

"Don't you know? Why, she never would have been brought here but for the fear they had of the poor young lady taking her own life."

These last words barely reached Mabel's ears.

"If the frenzy, as one may call it, takes that shape, the sufferers have to be watched at every turn night and day. But this one has never been violent. All the same, it may break out any moment, the doctor says. We're not to be surprised at anything. 'Be on your guard,' says he—'be prepared; but don't be startled.'"

"Dear heart!" exclaimed Mary. "So that's why I'm to sleep in her room on the pretence of being ready to wait on her in illness, and that's why you're to be within easy call! I see now."

"I wonder you didn't see long before," said Mrs. Feathers, with a smile.

"How could I be expected to know all that?" asked Mary, aggrieved. "You have been in the asylums, while I have only been with a sick lady."

"That's true; but I'm quick," replied Mrs. Feathers, "and I soon found out that you had in you the making of a good attendant to a lady of weak mind. The wages is capital; so, you being the daughter of a old friend and out o' place, I didn't see no better for you than to try this. Bless you, this is a prime case for you to begin with, quiet as a lamb, only wants watching. For all the doctors may say, I don't incline to think that this one will break out suddenly. She took that very well yesterday, when we had to lock the doors to prevent her going out to get home."

"She remembers it, for all that. She's written to Mr. Charlford, I post all her letters to him, as the doctor instructed me, but of course letters sent to other folks is different."

"Yes, to be sure," answered Mrs. Feathers musingly.

Her thoughts had gone into another channel, and presently she uttered them aloud.

"Well, I mustn't sit talking here all night, though 'tis so comfortable with a fire and a arm-chair, and your good company. What I came to arrange was our little holiday, it's to be Tuesday, if all's well. One doesn't get a wedding in the family every day; and there's to be a dance and supper. I've a new dress too all ready; it would be a shame not to go."

"And Bill Darby is to be there," whispered Mary longingly.

"Oh, you must go, anyhow, and wear flowers in your hair, and dance with the best of them. You're young, and it would be a crying shame to keep you away from your sweetheart. But the difficulty is for me to get away, in case anything should happen. Of course Jane can take your place for one night; we'll tell Miss Charlford that you're ill, or that your mother is; and I'll get Mrs. Jones, who is a sharp trustworthy woman, to come and stay in my place. Only, if Mr. Charlford should happen to come along, or if the young lady should suddenly be taken worse, it would be awkward. Howsoever, we'll hope for the best; and we needn't start until nightfall. She'll never know we're not here as usual."

"No, not if we don't talk loud enough to wake her now. My goodness, if she should be awake!"

Mrs. Feathers rose, bent cautiously over the bed, and took hold of Mabel's slender fingers; but her hand lay listlessly on the woman's broad palm, and her gentle breathing was soft and regular.

"It's all right," she said, resuming her seat, after which the conversation was resumed in lower tones, which did not prevent the apparently sleeping girl from distinguishing a word here and there, and from being fully aware that they were alluding to the coming wedding in Mrs. Feather's family.

"I'm sure Jane is trustworthy to the backbone; you needn't be too anxious, dear Mrs. Feathers," said Mary presently.

"I shouldn't be if she wasn't such a sound sleeper. But it's only for one night," was the reply.

"I'll tell her to be sure to put the key under her pillow, as I do," observed Mary quietly.

"Yes, she must be sure to do that. And we must be prepared to-morrow for being worried all day about this going alone. I shall say that we're waiting to hear from her papa," said Mrs. Feathers.

"Of course. Better say that he has written to you," answered the other, "to tell you he will be here next week, and that then he will arrange about her going home. Isn't it strange how like insane folks are at times to those that are as sane as you or me?"

"Not a bit," replied the woman experienced in the management of lunatic patients, "for, you see, in the beginning of their malady they are only mad upon some points. This one may recover, she's so young, but her quiet fixed look and her sadness and dejection are dead against it in my opinion. 'Tis an ill wind, though, that blows no good to any folks. I'd cure the poor young lady if I could; but meantime her attack has given us both a easy place and good wages."

"That it has!" assented Mary.

"Well, good night," said Mrs. Feathers, rising.

"Good night," replied the younger woman, less cautiously now that they were not conversing on dangerous topics; and, accompanying her friend to the door of the apartment, she closed and locked it, carefully carrying the key to her own bed, and thrusting it under her pillow.

"Though 'twouldn't be no manner of use if she did aim at running off in the night," mused Mary, as she performed this duty, "for she'd find all the doors locked. And she hasn't a farthing of money to run off by train, so they wouldn't let her have a ticket; and she isn't strong enough to walk far, so that we could soon overtake her, if as be any day she gave us the slip. Then she's so very pretty, with the air of a princess, that she couldn't pass along without being noticed. No, I'm not a pin afraid of an escape!" and Mary, having settled matters thus satisfactorily to her own mind, proceeded to prepare to go to rest, her head very full of the approaching dance and supper, and of Bill Darby and several other admirers.

Presently, in her absorption, she let fall a hair-brush, and Mabel made the unexpected noise an excuse to feign sudden awakening.

"What was that? Was it something falling, or was I dreaming? Oh, you are there, Mary! Is it near morning?" and Mabel sat up in bed, speaking in a tone of bewilderment.

"No doubt you've been dreaming, miss," answered Mary; "but I did let a brush drop. 'Tis bed-time—not near morning yet, miss. What were your dreams about miss?"

"Why should I tell you, Mary? You wouldn't care," said Mabel, preserving the same tone, and now resolved not to seek to disturb the opinions these women had formed as to her mental state.

They were by no means bad-hearted; they pitied her, but they would take care to obey their employer; and they honestly believed their charge to be insane.

"Don't you speak like that, miss," answered Mary. "I'd do anything I could for you; and I should like to hear what you've been dreaming about, if you'd like to tell me."

"It was about him I have lost, Mary. Did you ever see him?" said Mabel, supporting the maid's mistake.

"Never, miss; but tell me about that handsome young lord, if you'd like to talk of him. He'll never forget you, miss, and no wonder!"

"Yes, he will, in time, in ten years; but I shall never forget him," responded Mabel.

It was imperative that her attendant should not suspect her to have been otherwise than dreaming or in slumber during her late conference with Mrs. Feathers.

"Do tell me your dream, miss," said Mary persuasively.

"It was all confused. A good many things are confused now, Mary, which used to be easy and clear. But I saw him quite distinctly, and I saw my father, and the lake in my uncle's grounds. Dreams are strange things, May!"

"So they are, miss. I dream now and again about a young man I care for, and see him as plain as if I stood talking to him."

"Why, that's just my case with regard to Lord Wynmore, Mary. I hope you will never suffer as I do. Some people marry and are happy when there is nothing dreadful to prevent them. Be sure to tell me when you are going to be married, as I want to give you a wedding present."

"Thank you, miss. Indeed you are very kind. I shall have to wait till my young man has saved a little money."

"Money is nothing," said Mabel, with conviction.

"Oh, yes, miss, begging your pardon! Bill and me would get married to-morrow if we'd saved a few pounds. But I ought not to keep you awke. Try to sleep again, and maybe this time you'll have pleasant dreams."

"I'll try. Good night, Mary."

"Good night, miss. Perhaps you'll hear from your papa to-morrow."

"Oh, yes, he is sure to write or to come?"

Then, sinking back upon her pillow, she slowly closed her eyes and turned away her head.

Ah, she comprehended everything now which had puzzled her! Even Neville and Dick believed in her reputed insanity.

She was lost to them because they had been induced to believe that no love, even such love as theirs, could reach her. Oh, terrible moment!

If her present awful captivity was ever to be changed, it must be by assuming the state of mind with which all about her credited her; but, if she could only see Dick, she could open his eyes.

As for Neville, had she not renounced him forever?

"She's a deal worse this morning, there's a change since yesterday," was the thought which shot through Mary's mind as she went the next day to assist Mabel in dressing.

There was indeed a change in the unhappy girl; the sad fixed look in her lovely eyes had deepened, and there was about her an air of utter despair.

As the day wore on, this increased sadness became so noticeable that Mary imparted to Mrs. Feathers her belief that something was going to happen.

And so indeed there was; but it was of a nature very different from that which the girl imagined.

All the sunny morning Mabel sat beside her upper window, entirely unoccupied save by her own sad reflections.

Her hands lay listless in her lap; she neither spoke nor moved. But towards mid-day she suddenly uttered so sharp and heart-broken a cry that Mary, who was sewing in the ante-room ran in alarmed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HOPE FOR LATE RISERS.—The belief in the salutary effects of early retiring and early rising survives up to the present time. It doubtless had its origin in those primitive days when the work of the world was mainly performed in the open air, and daylight was consequently precious to all classes alike.

In our more complex civilization, when not one hour in the twenty-four finds man wholly at rest from its labor, the belief in the oft quoted adage beginning "Early to bed," etc., has no doubt considerably diminished. But even now those who "rise with the lark and lie down with the lamb" very frequently plume themselves on their superiority to the opposite class who care not for attending the morning levees of the sun.

The latter will be delighted to hear that they have found a champion in a German doctor who has been collecting information as to the effects of early rising. He has discovered so we are told, that the majority of long livers indulge in late hours. Eight out of ten persons who have lived beyond the ripe age of eighty never sought slumber till the small hours of the morning were well advanced, and did not rise again until the sun was high in the heavens.

The German savant goes further, for he considers that getting up early tends to exhaust physical power and to shorten life, while the so-called invigorating early hours are apt to produce lassitude, and are positively dangerous to some constitutions. Good news is this for those whose vocations compel them to burn the midnight oil. But let not the sluggard delude himself. "Early to bed and late to rise" is a motto never yet was found susceptible of rational defence. We may be quiet certain that no man can count on either being "healthy and wise" who devotes overmuch time to the unsubstantial pleasures of dreamland.

STRANGE.—A lawyer named Strange lay dying upon his bed. He had been a man of good parts and enjoyed the esteem of all who knew him. The end was fast approaching when the pallid lawyer rolled upon his side and called to his most estimable wife.

"What is it, dear?" the good woman asked, as she placed his cold, outstretched hand in her own.

"When I shall have been buried," the lawyer murmured, his pale blue eyes filling with tears: "when I shall have been buried, Mollie, rear no monument above my grave. Let my tombstone be small and of pure marble. Upon this simple slab let not my name appear. Let the stone bear this simple inscription: 'Here lies an honest lawyer.'"

"But, my dear," pleaded the good wife, "how are the people to know who lies beneath the stone?"

"The inscription I have given you, if properly chiseled, will explain all. Persons who pass by my grave will see the simple stone and read the inscription, 'Here lies an honest lawyer.' If you happen to be in the neighborhood, Mollie, you will hear each one exclaim, as he turns to go away, 'Well, that's Strange!'"

NOT AT HOME!

BY C. B.

O where is wee Mary? Jock's brocht her a linnet.
Hey Mary! hi Mary! Where can the lass be?
The kettle's to boil, an' ye're wanted this minute,
Fer feyther's come hame, ye mun hastie wi' the tea!

Cheep birdie! Cry Minnie! the lassie's no heedin'.
The kettle to-night it mun just tak' its chance!
For aff wi' licht heels thro' the bracken she's speedin'
And wha pray can mak' for twa places at ance?

Wad ye cage a wild bird, or a blissom young fairy
To sing by the hearth to gude wife an' gude man?
There's a bird in the bush saftly whistlin' on Mary,
Sune, sune he'll be coorin', a bird in the han'.

Ye may ca' her in vain, tho' the kettle boils over,
And Jock in the sulks lets the birdie fly free:
When the whin blossom burns, and the bee's i' the clover,
There's mair fun in kissin' than brewin' tea tea!

HEART-BREAK.

BY ETHEL DE FONBLANQUE.

CHAPTER I.

I HAD known Mark Chisholm for many years before he married; but, by a singular fatality, I was absent from England at the time that he made his wife's acquaintance, and did not see him until two years after their marriage.

Therefore I knew nothing of the circumstances, except what I learnt two years later.

Mark was a handsome fellow, proverbially lucky, popular amongst men, and literally adored by women.

Some people saw no more in him than a well-dressed, well-mannered young man of fortune, for Mark came into a ready-made fortune, and perhaps knew how to spend it better than most men.

His father had been a great coalowner, and had amassed with some cleverness and much perseverance a fortune, which he enjoyed to the full himself, and which his son was equally well qualified to spend.

I always knew that a great deal of Mark's success was due to the gay good-hearted way in which he interested himself in all his friends.

But with women he was decidedly despotic. The women he cared for must be exclusively his own—at least for the time he loved her.

He would endure no rivalry, and in many cases he quietly abandoned his place, because he did not look upon the object as worth a fight.

On the other hand there was no one who threw such a will into a conquest as Mark did when he was in earnest. And women, as a rule, seemed vastly flattered to be, for the time even, the centre of his interest.

Underlying all this I always discerned in Mark a certain austerity of conduct in honorable matters, which inclined me to believe there were deeper landmarks in his character than what were commonly disclosed to the world.

Arrived in London, I immediately tried to satisfy my curiosity by asking questions about Mark's wife.

I gathered that he had met her abroad, that her family history was an unsolved mystery, but she was proud enough in manner and bearing to be of the most noble birth.

Some said she was young and nice-looking, which terms are not very comprehensive; and one man said it appeared to him there was something wonderful about Mrs. Mark Chisholm.

The night after I arrived I was bidden to dine with them, so I had a chance of judging for myself.

They had taken a house in Chester Square and the moment the door of the street closed behind me I felt a sense of repose and quiet, which was not dulness, but a tranquility fraught with a pleasant under-current of refinement.

The hall and staircase were very softly carpeted, and I noticed, without having time to examine, old brasses dimly shining through the half-gloom.

The drawing-room was to my uncultured mind a marvel, and yet a marvel which comforted and delighted the senses, rather than disturbing them with curiosity or surprise.

It seemed to me a room which was a faithful index to, and reflection of, a beautiful woman's beautiful life.

Mark came forward eagerly to meet me.

"My dear old Dan," he said, "it is a real pleasure to see you, and in a moment my wife will be here."

As he spoke the door behind me was opened, and there came the rustling sound of a woman's silken draperies; a pause, and then a voice curiously penetrating and contained, that called out, "Good-night, baby," as though the temptation to longer were strong, and the duty to hasten forward yet stronger.

In another moment I found two hands placed in mine, and Mark's wife smiling a welcome into my old weatherbeaten eyes.

It always seemed to me in after-times that Mrs. Chisholm's hands were stronger than a woman's hands generally are, with a strength of sincerity and good faith, as if in their mere pressure you took from them an unknown quantity of the vigor and the goodness of her nature.

Their grasp was fuller of meaning than a spoken greeting. We went down to dinner, and in the clear light I had a chance of seeing better what sort of a woman his wife looked.

I caught myself wondering if every one would call her beautiful, and I came to the conclusion that only a few would do so.

In figure she was slight and graceful, and about middle height. Her hair, of a peculiar russet-brown, waved richly round her head, and her head was small and well carried.

Her brows were low and rather broad, thoughtful brows, under which gleamed eyes which in themselves made up the sum of a woman's beauty.

They were tawny-hued, like a cat's, and they changed color like a cat's eyes, but their chief peculiarity was the ever-recurrent dilation of the pupils.

There were moments when they appeared only sombre and veiled; at others, under the influence of enthusiasm or excitement, they dilated and expanded into an almost appalling beauty.

Her nose was not of much consequence in the expressive construction of her face, but in itself it was unobtrusive. Her mouth looked rather large, full-lipped, and curving, it was the mouth, I should say, of a woman who could be very tender and very loving.

Her face was small, her skin delicate, of fine texture and such fine coloring that almost one might have thought she painted. All this is a mere bald outline of how she looked, without the keynote which gave value to the whole.

Her face was absorbed and charged with a radiancy of love, a love that gave it all its strength and beauty.

When she regarded her husband the love in her look seemed to leap to him, and absorb itself in him, in a very solemn and very tender way, as a face may be lifted, transfigured with religious emotion to an all-merciful and almighty deity.

I thought once how Mrs. Chisholm would look were the love and the radiant expression of that love to die out of her face, and I remember I felt that the effect would be horrible.

We talked all dinner-time of ordinary subjects, until I made some remark about the church in Chester Square, and asked, for something to say, if they went to it. Mark laughed.

"No, we don't patronise it. I never was much of a church-goer, I am afraid; but if I had married a religious woman I think I should have gone to church with her. But Valentia is not religious."

Mrs. Chisholm flushed slightly and hesitated.

"You should not say that, Mark; I don't know what you mean. The term is so wide and varied. I never had a religious bringing-up, certainly; and I never was taught any orthodox principles; but I think for all that I have a kind of religion of my own."

"Yes," said Mark thoughtfully, "but that is not what I mean. I think I should admire orthodox religion and goodness more in you than I do your instinctive convictions. I am one of those men who, not being very austere in my own religious beliefs, would like my wife to be orthodox enough for us both."

"I don't agree with you," I remarked, taking up the argument. "I am all in favor of a woman's religious opinions being self-prompted, within the limit of her own personal view. I don't believe in the faith that removes mountains; I prefer the belief based on convictions."

"Ah, then, you can understand Valentia. Now Valentia never was taught anything. Her ideas of right and wrong came from an intuition which she follows blindly. She has practically no principle, and yet her moral basis is extraordinarily discriminating and faultless; she has no conscience, and yet she is deeply sensitive of the consciousness of good and evil. She thinks a religious or moral question out with her intelligence, she does not accept it unquestioningly with her faith; you can move her by her reason and by her heart, but never by accepted creeds. Sometimes I think if ever her sense of justice were overturned, and if she became a bad woman, she would be an exceptionally bad woman, as she would have no conscience, principles, or religion to hold her up."

Mrs. Chisholm smiled softly.

"My religion is love," she said simply, and her eyes shone on her husband with a depth of incomparable devotion. "I believe in love; love teaches us more Christianity than all the religion in the world."

Mark looked back at her with an expression half-proud, half-fearful.

"That is all very well," he said quietly, "but it is not every one who can love as you do."

Shortly afterwards Mrs. Chisholm left the room, and Mark and I lit up our cigars.

"Well," he said, "what do you think of Valentia?"

"Think of her," I answered, "I think she's charming!"

"Yes, of course: but besides that—what?"

"I have had such a short opportunity of judging, but I should say she is even more than what I should have desired your wife to be."

"When you know her better, old man, you will think even more highly of her. I have never known a woman like her. She is as good, and as sweet, and as charitable, as she is beautiful! Why just think what she did the other day. Do you remember Leah?—Leah Verriker?"

I looked up thoroughly surprised. "What of her?" I said.

"Only this: that not long ago Verriker died, leaving Leah badly off. We met her one day, by accident, and she asked me to introduce her to Valentia."

"Well?"

"Well, when we got home, Valentia asked me about her, and I told her all! All, down to her late troubles, her husband's death, her poverty!"

"And what did she say?"

"She said she was very sorry for her, scarcely of all for her as a woman who had once possessed my love and had lost it! You see what odd creatures these women are! And finally she went of her own accord, and asked Leah to come and stay here for as long as she liked, whilst she settled her future plans. Now what other woman would have done this?"

I did not answer. Somehow I felt a sense of ultimate disaster; and it seemed to me that however merciful Valentia's impulse had been, Mark should never have allowed her to carry it into effect.

There was a lurking danger, to my mind, in the reappearance in a man's life of a woman he had once very passionately loved.

I suppose I looked perplexed.

"You have something on your mind," Mark said. "What is it?"

"Do you think it is quite safe?" I asked doubtfully.

"For me, do you mean?"

"Yes."

"She is no more to me now than the merest stranger," he replied heartily. "How could she be, when I love my wife better than anything in the world?"

His tones more than his words reassured me. They were such confident, truthful tones, ringing clear from his heart.

Leah Verriker! How well I remembered her! When I left England, I left Mark madly in love with her.

She was his soul, his faith, his love, his everything. She was of Jewish origin, small, delicate, and wayward.

She had large black restless eyes, a skin of deathly pallor, a sensitive aquiline nose, and lips of so deep a scarlet, they struck against one's notice like a revealed sin. I defy a good woman to have had such a mouth.

She had long white hands, restless and writhing. When they lay along her knees she was forever clasping and unclasping them, like a person with a distraught mind.

She carried the restlessness of her nature into every movement and every act and every speech.

She was a woman I could not endure for purely physical reasons: and yet she held absolute sway over Mark for more than three years. I don't know how the final wrench came. I think it must have been when he met Valentia.

CHAPTER II.

DURING the following few weeks I became a constant visitor at Mark's house. At first I was led there by a curiosity, not to say an anxiety, to see how it would answer to have Leah Verriker as an inmate of that pleasant home; and afterwards, when more reassured, I went there for the more pleasure of studying the character of Mark's dear wife.

It seemed to me that each day some new beauty stood revealed in Valentia—beauties of mind, of goodness, of character. She was a woman to whom confidence went out like metal to loadstone; not only because she was so quick with charity, but because she had kept fresh and uncontaminated the guileless candor and ingenuousness of a child.

I often sat, when speech had given place to that pleasant silence which speaks of a real understanding between people, and watched the two women, who, in their turn, had commanded Mark's life.

There was between them an evidently sincere friendship, but a friendship without any overflow of demonstration.

Leah was much occupied with her arrangements about her children, and her future plans, and all the painful tedium of lawyers, and their opinions of the will and possessions of her late husband.

And Valentia was occupied in her home, in all the dear details of the comfort of her husband and her child; busy, too, in the exercise of her wonderful and absorbing love for them both.

It was the first time that I realized that love could be busy, keen, and alert to forestall and supply every desire of the loved object.

I noticed sometimes that Leah would sit and watch Valentia steadily with some inward calculation; and that under the influence of Leah's regard Valentia's eyes flinched.

It was as though all the composure of Valentia's calm gaze had gone out to Leah, and that all Leah's restlessness had been transmitted in exchange to Valentia.

I wondered sometimes to see Mark's wife move uneasily away from the contemplation of those merciless black eyes. But Mark's manner to his old love was all and more than all I could have desired of him.

He was at once kind and almost affectionate, inquiring after her affairs almost as a brother might; he played accompaniments for her when she sang, helped her write letters to her lawyers, and was ever ready with sympathy.

Beyond this—nothing. And to Valentia, before Leah, he showed unabashed all his usual tenderness.

Sometimes I thought it was a dangerous game to display all his devotion to his wife before his old love, but my mind was set at rest by the apparent harmony in Mark's household, when suddenly a moment came of terrible awakening.

I had occupied for some years rooms in St. James's Street, where I was especially comfortable and well looked after. I was sitting one day at my writing-table in the drawing-room, when the door was thrown hurriedly open, and Valentia appeared carrying her child in her arms.

As her eyes met mine I became immediately conscious of grave disaster, so much so that I rose, and throwing out my hands, I said:

"My poor child!"

"Yes," she said quite naturally, closing the door abruptly, and turning towards me; "your child. I want you to think of me as your child, and help me, if you can, for I seem to be going mad."

The child lay in her arms awake, its wide watchful eyes wandering aimlessly round the room, and noticing its strangeness it set up a sad wailing.

Patiently Valentia got up, and walked up and down the room, crooning some lullaby song, until at last she succeeded in sending it to sleep. I waited meanwhile for her to speak. Seeing that she had sunk into a lethargy, I said "Where is Mark?"

She started.

"He has turned me away; he won't believe me; and he has sent me away forever—the child and me."

She spoke wildly, like one who having had a phrase dinned into her ears repeats it mechanically.

"But what is the matter?" I asked impatiently.

"How am I to tell you, when I don't know myself?" she rejoined excitedly. "I can't make it out. It is all monstrous; and horrible!"

I saw I should get nothing from her whilst under the influence of such strong excitement, so I tried to reassure her.

"Look at me, my dear; I am here to help you, to believe you, to advise you. I am earnestly attached to you Mark, and I mean to do all I can to comfort you; but first of all you must calm yourself, collect your memory, and explain to me categorically all that has happened."

As I spoke her wonderful eyes, which had been dilated and frenzied, seemed to turn inwards and to become more composed.

I only knew from the clasping of her hands how strong must be her mental excitement.

And seeing her so overmastered by the vehemence of her disquiet formed such a contrast to her usual beautiful composure that it made a most painful impression on me.

She tried to speak several times, but failed; and then she held her head between her hands, as if by sheer strength she would summon back her energies.

"You are right," she said at last, "I must try and remember, and, above all, I must not allow myself to go mad. I have work to do."

I went to a cupboard, and poured out a glass of wine, which I brought to her, and made her drink. Then I sat down beside her, and, taking her hand in mine to establish between us a channel of sympathy, I told her to begin.

It was hard for her at first to express herself, and to fit fact and fact together; but ultimately her story resolved itself thus: It appeared that Mark came in her morning-room, to ask for some sealing-wax for Leah.

She was sending off some document to her lawyer, and wanted to seal it first, and there was no sealing-wax to be found. Valentia was sitting at her embroidery frame, working, and she answered that perhaps there might be some in her desk.

Mark crossed over to her writing-table, and lifted the top. It was one of those little desk writing-tables called escritoires.

She was looking towards him, and suggested his searching in one of the drawers. He turned out one or two papers, and then found some sticks of sealing-wax, and was replacing the letters, when something caught his eye in the one uppermost.

He took it up, and began reading.

Valentia paid no attention, feeling, she explained to me, that nothing she possessed could come to harm in her husband's hands.

Noticing he remained silent she looked up, and met his gaze, which was turned full on her with a very terrible regard. Instinctively she rose to her feet, and asked him what was the matter.

He waved her off, and still fixing his eyes upon her, he said:

"Oh, if you were a man, I think I could kill you now."

Valentia, in her horror, pressed her hands to her ears, and cried out to him to explain what had happened to him, but to spare her such words of madness.

And then, terrified at his look, she ran towards him, and flinging her arms around him implored him, calling him by every endearing name, not to frighten her so dreadfully.

For an instant he remained passive, and then flung her off so violently that she nearly fell. He then held the paper towards her, and told her to look at it. She looked, and saw a sheet of her own special note-paper written closely over in what looked like her own handwriting.

"You know what this is?" he said furiously.

She answered that she didn't remember what it might be, that she was so nervous she could not see, and begged him to tell her what he meant.

She had sunk down on a sofa; he drew a chair near, and, sitting where he could watch her face, he read the letter.

It was addressed thus: "My own Arthur," and was written evidently to a man who had once been very dear to her. It

spoke of their past love, of their past intimacy, the guilt of which was beyond question; it alluded to the child which was his, and which she had palmed off on her husband.

It entered into details of her present life, which was peaceful and content, as she had grown to love her husband, not perhaps as much as her former lover, but enough to assure her happiness.

And finally she implored him not to come near her, as to do so would break up her peace forever.

She exhorted him, by all the memories of the past, to spare her such unhappiness, and to be strong for her sake—to leave her unmolested.

Such was the gist of this terrible letter.

And here she paused.

She looked me full in the eyes.

"I never wrote that letter," she said distinctly.

"But you say it was in your handwriting," I said, fairly puzzled.

"Yes, it looked like my writing, that I cannot deny, but I never wrote it."

"Did you tell Mark so?" I asked.

"Yes, but he would not believe me. I was so surprised, so overcome, so aghast at the letter, after he had read it to me and shown it to me, that my manner and denial must have had all the appearance of the confusion of guilt."

"And then what did he do?"

"I don't quite remember, for my mind seemed overthrown. He spoke of a separation to save scandal. He was very cold, and very constrained, and he kept on saying: 'Of course all is over between us forever. We must part.' And then the more he thought, and the more he talked, the more angry he grew. Just then nurse brought in the baby, and laid it on my knee. No sooner was she gone out of the room, than he flew into a fury, and would have struck the child, if I had not held him off. He called it the child of my sin, and then he cried out to me to take the child and go, go quickly, out of the house—anywhere—for he said he had murder in his heart!"

Valentia had worked herself up to frenzy in telling her story, and was trembling all over with emotion.

I leant back in my chair, and thought it all out, going over in my mind all she had just told me, and I acknowledge I was suffering acutely from the revulsion caused in me by the exposure of so horrid an episode in Valentia's life.

Valentia, whom I had thought a perfect woman. Yet, at the same time, I did not lose my affection for her, nor my desire to help her.

"My dear," I said at last, "it is all very sad and dreadful. I have known Mark from his boyhood; perhaps I understand him better than you do in certain ways. It will be best, knowing his nature, for you to throw yourself on his mercy. Confess the whole truth to him. It is no good denying, and adding to the fault which is already so grave by telling lies. Open your heart to him, and there is still a chance that some influence may induce him to forgive you."

Whilst I was yet speaking she turned upon me furiously:

"You also! Oh, my God! will no one believe me? I tell you, Mr. Fraser, I never wrote that letter! I swear it on the head of my child—Mark's child!—this little creature that God gave to Mark and me to crown our love."

There was a luminous expression in her face which was truth itself. Her vehemence was not bravado.

Her tone was sincere. For a moment I felt fairly staggered. I put my hand over my eyes and thought.

Suddenly I felt some powerful instinct enter my mind, and upset my reason, and compel me to believe her in the face of circumstances.

The feeling that came over me was absolute in its authority. I looked up, and, seeing her attitude of despair, I became strengthened in my resolve.

"Valentia," I said earnestly, "I believe you."

It seemed to me that I was trying an experiment, that in spite of myself, an invisible power was placing a responsibility into my hands which I could not set aside.

The idea that was uppermost in my mind was that I must believe Valentia, and, strong in my belief, I should find a way to help her.

At my words Valentia looked up, transfigured.

"If you believe me, and will help me," she said slowly, "I think we shall be able to clear up this mystery."

I felt just then that I was not fit to enter into the causes and effects.

It was quite a severe enough trial to my reason to be dethroned for a blind instinct, and for the moment my never very receptive nature seemed over-choked with the new sensation, and incapable of fresh energies.

So I confined myself to looking after the creature comforts of Valentia and her child.

I bethought me of a quiet respectable hotel near at hand, to which I took her, and, having seen her comfortably installed, I left her, promising to go and see Mark, and bring her all the best comfort and news I could gather.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A CARPENTER was blown from the top of a twenty-five foot ladder in Orange, N. J., while he was making repairs to a window, but he carried with him the sash which, acting as a parachute, let him gently down to the lawn uninjured.

A Coat's Secret.

BY E. M. K.

SHE had promised him that she would mend the lining in his new overcoat if he would wear another and leave that at home.

And so, as he had left it, she took it from the hall and carried it into her boudoir. Her name was Eve Wilton, and she had been married five years, and never—never in all that time had had one unhappy moment.

Mr. Wilton had been very attentive, very kind, very generous, and had never made her jealous.

She often said that she was the happiest woman living. Now, as she looked at the lining and compared the silk with which she was about to replace the torn portion, she was thinking these thoughts.

They had never had any children, but when people are all in all to each other that is no very great grief. All her care was for him—all his for her.

"And he is just the dearest, best, truest fellow in the world," said Eve Wilton to herself. "I'm not half good enough for him. I wonder what this is in his pocket; it bulges it all out of shape."

She put her hand into the breast pocket as she spoke and drew out a little package wrapped up in silver paper and tied with blue ribbon.

"Something he has bought for me, I expect," said Eve. "I wonder what it is. I think that I won't open it until he comes home."

She laid the silk across the hole, cut it out, and basted it down.

"I wonder what it is," said she. "Tom did mean to get me an opera glass, I know; but that is not the shape of the parcel. It doesn't seem like a book. It might be lace wound on a card—real lace.

She looked at the package again.

"I wonder what it is," said she, and hemmed the patch down.

"There wasn't much to mend, after all," she said. "I thought the tear was much longer. He caught it on a nail in the office, I know. Now I do not wonder what is in that package."

Eve put the coat over the chair and took up the parcel.

"Tom wouldn't mind," she said. "I will just take a peep. I'm sure that it is for me."

Then she undid the ribbon, unfolded the paper, and saw letters.

"Dear Tom!" she said; "he keeps my old letters next his heart, and he has never told me."

But the writing was not hers; she saw that at a glance.

"His mother's letters," she said. "He loved his mother so."

Then she began to tremble a little, for the letters did not begin with "My dear son," nor with anything like it.

She cast her eyes over them. They were love letters.

"Tom has loved some other woman before he met me," she said, beginning to cry. "Oh, what shall I do?"

Then she cried out.

"Oh, foolish, foolish creature that I am! Of course she died, and he only loves me now. It was all over before we met. I must not mind."

But here she paused, gave a scream, and then threw the letter from her as though it had been a serpent and had bitten her.

In was dated in the previous week. It was not four days old.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Eve. "Oh, what shall I do? Oh, where shall I go?"

At every cry a thought pierced her breast like an actual stab.

"Tom! my Tom! What shall I do? Tom! Tom! He to be false—Tom! Oh, I have gone mad! No. There they are! They are really there—those letters! Why do I not die? Do people live through such things as these?"

Then she knelt down on the floor and gathered up the letters and steadily read them through.

There were ten of them. Such love letters. No other interpretation could be put upon them.

They were absurd love letters, such as are always produced in court in cases of breach of promise.

And they called him "Popsy Wopsy," and "Darling Parling," and "Lovey Dovey," and "Own Sweetness," and "Angel of my Soul," and they were all signed "Your own Nellie."

"It is all true," said poor Eve, wringing her hands. "And it is worse than anything that I have ever heard of. I trusted him so. I believed in him so. My Tom—mine!"

Then she wiped her eyes, gathered up the letters, wrapped the silver paper about them, tied the blue ribbon, and put them back in the awful breast pocket of that dreadful overcoat, and hung it up in the hall again.

"Tom shall never know," she said. "I'll not reproach him. I will never see him again; when he comes home I shall be dead. I will not live to bear this."

Then she sat down to think over the best means of suicide.

She could hang herself to the chandelier with a window-blind cord; but then she would be black in the face and hideous. She would drown herself; but then her body would go floating down the river into the sea; and drowned people looked even worse than strangled ones.

She was too much afraid of firearms to shoot herself, even in this strait. She would take poison.

Yes, that would be best: and though she would never see Tom again, he would see her, and remorse would sting him. Here she made a great mistake.

A man who is coolly treacherous to women never has any remorse. Remorse is love affairs is a purely feminine quality, and even the worst of the sex are not without it.

However, it is natural to believe that remorse is possible to a man whom one has believed to be an angel in human form, and Eve took a little miserable comfort in the thought that Tom would kneel beside her coffin and burst into tears and passionate exclamations of regret, which she perhaps might see from a spiritual post of observation.

So, having put on a hat and thick veil, Eve betook herself round the corner to the nearest druggist.

The druggist was an old German, a benevolent-looking one, with red cheeks and a smiling mouth; and when she asked for poison for rats, he said "So!" and beamed mildly upon her.

"I want it very strong," said Eve.

"So!" said the druggist.

"But not to give more pain than is necessary," said Eve.

"To the rats?" asked the druggist.

"Yes," said Eve, "of course; and it must be quick, and not make one black in the face."

"So!" said the druggist, slowly. "Well, what I shall give shall not make de rat black in de face."

With a grave countenance he compounded a powder and handed it across the counter.

Eve took it, gave him the few pennies he asked, and walked off. Once home she went straight to her room and undressed herself and retired to bed, taking the powder with her.

Once or twice she tasted it with the tip of her tongue, hoping that it was not very disagreeable. Then, finding it sweet, she bravely swallowed it.

"It is over," she said. "Oh, Heaven forgive me, and forgive Tom!"

And then she laid herself down upon her pillow.

Just as she did so the familiar sound of a latchkey in the door below startled her.

Tom never came home at noon; but there he was, now. No one else but Tom would walk that cool way, and he was calling her.

"Eve, Eve, Eve, where are you?"

Never before had she refused to answer that voice. Why had he come to torture her dying moments?

Hark! Now he was bouncing upstairs. He was in the room.

"What is the matter? Are you ill, Eve?" he exclaimed.

"No," said she, faintly, "only tired."

"Ah! You looked tired, little one," said he. "I came home to get the overcoat. I suppose you've found out by this time that the coat in the hall is not mine. I wore Johnson's overcoat home from the office last night by mistake; he is anxious about it. He asked me if there was any one in the house who would be likely to meddle with papers in the pockets. I said that I thought not. I hadn't a jealous wife—eh! What's the matter, Eve?"

"Oh, Tom!" cried Eve, hysterically. "Oh, Tom! say it again? It was not your coat? Oh, Tom! kiss me."

"Why, what is the matter, Eve?" cried out Tom. "You must be ill!"

Then Eve remembered all.

"Oh, I am a wicked woman, Tom?" she cried. "There were letters in the pocket—love letters. I read them. I thought you were false to me. I—I took poison, Tom. I'm going to die—and I long to live so. Oh, Tom, save me!"

"Yes, yes!" cried Tom. "Oh, good Heaven! What poison?"

"Hoffman will know. I bought it from him. Perhaps he can save me," cried Eve.

And away went Tom, white as death, to the druggist's round the corner. He burst into the shop like a whirlwind.

"The lady!" he gasped. "The lady who bought poison here an hour ago! She took it by mistake! Can you save her? Is there an antidote? She is dying!"

"No, no!" said the old German. "Be calm! Be at rest! No, no! She cannot die of dat! When a lady asks me for poison dat will not turn a rat black in de face, I say to myself, 'So!' I shmells somesing; and I give her in de paper shust a little sugar and somesings. She could take a bound. Go home and tell her so. I never sells poison to womens dat cry and do not vish de rat to become black in de face. So—be calm."

So poor Tom flew home again, and Eve rejoiced; and hearing that Johnson was a bachelor who admitted himself to be engaged, she did not rip the patch off his coat, as she had at first intended to do.

HIS REVENGE.—A little while back there was a "strong man" who traveled about the country performing very wonderful feats, but he had the misfortune to quarrel one night with his assistant, who with superhuman struggles was wont to hand to him the gigantic cannon-balls necessary for the performance. The assistant had demanded increased wages; the demand was refused. The performance proceeded swimmingly; but, when the applause was at its height, the assistant collected the objects on the stage, which in the aggregate should have weighed about a ton and a half, threw them lightly on to a tray, and jauntily carried off all with one hand. That "strong man" never exhibited at that place of entertainment again.

Scientific and Useful.

LUMINOUS PAINT.—Luminous paint has been applied to the sights of rifles to enable them to be used in the dark. The method of using consists in fixing a luminous head over the two sights of the weapon.

SPOTS ON WOOD.—To take spots of paint off wood, lay a thick coating of lime and soda mixed together over it, letting it stay twenty-four hours, then wash off with warm water, and the spot will have disappeared.

PAPER PIANO. Paper has been applied to so many industrial purposes, that there really seems to be no end to its various uses. In Germany, a piano has just been made, the case of which is entirely constructed of compressed paper. The tone of this instrument is said to be much altered by its novel casing, and to be characterized by a peculiar sweetness.

THE AGE OF EGGS.—The following is a simple French test for telling whether eggs are fresh or not. Dissolve two ounces of kitchen salt in a pint of water. When a fresh laid egg is placed in this solution it will descend to the bottom of the vessel, while one which has been laid the day previously will not quite reach the bottom. If the egg be three days old, it will float in the liquid; and if more than three days old, it will float on the surface, projecting above the latter more and more as it happens to be lighter with increased age.

STEEL FORTS.—A foreign scientist has made a rather startling proposal in regard to the use of steel for building forts and turrets. He proposes to cast an entire fort in one piece, and this is the way in which he suggests that the work might be accomplished: First of all, a mould would be built upon the site of the proposed fort, made of bricks, and lined with fireclay. With proper apparatus, he states that in sixteen hours the molten metal could be poured into this mould so as to form a fort of one solid piece of steel weighing nearly one thousand tons! Such an erection would require no backing or superstructure for its support.

NEWSPAPER PRINTS ON GLASS.—First coat the glass with dammar varnish, or else with Canada balsam mixed with an equal volume of oil of turpentine, and let it dry until it is very sticky, which takes half a day or more. The printed paper to be transferred should be well soaked in soft water and carefully laid upon the prepared glass, after removing surplus water with blotting-paper, and pressed upon it, so that no air-bubbles or drops of water are seen underneath. This should dry a whole day before it is touched; then with wetted fingers begin to rub off the paper at the back. If this be skilfully done, almost the whole of the paper can be removed, leaving simply the ink upon the varnish. When the paper has been removed, another coat of varnish will serve to make the whole more transparent.

Farm and Garden.

HOT-BEDS.—Make your hot-bed frames in sections, so that they can be stored away when not in use. It is much better than allowing them to remain on the ground to become useless.

KICKERS.—Cows that kick or draw milk from their udders should be sent to the butcher. Remedies to prevent such vices are not only useless as permanent cures but also troublesome to apply.

THE MANGE.—An excellent remedy for mange is: Oil of turpentine, one pint; add cautiously two ounces of oil of vitriol, stirring the mixture cautiously; then add eight ounces linseed oil; to be rubbed in with a brush twice a day.

YOUNG TREES.—In buying young trees it is best to select those that have a large supply of roots, long and branching. The roots may be shortened before putting the trees in the ground. Trees with tops not too heavy, with large roots, seldom require staking.

HAWKS, CROWS, ETC.—Offering bounties for the destruction of owls, hawks, crows, etc., not only depletes the county treasuries, but does much to propagate field mice and insects. Farmers often destroy their friends under the supposition that they are protecting themselves.

OLD STOCK.—For old stock that cannot properly masticate the whole grains, there is nothing that will fatten so readily as ten parts meal and one part linseed meal. If the mixture be moistened with warm water, and slightly salted to give it seasoning, the animals will eat it clean.

OIL IN STONES.—To get the oil out of a hone or grindstone make the stone as hot as safety will permit, and then cover it with a paste of whiting and water. The mixture will soon become filled with oil, when it may be scraped off and the process repeated until all the oil is extracted.

BONE MEAL.—Bone-meal is excellent for all kinds of poultry, as it not only supplies them with phosphates and a proportion of nitrogen, but also of lime for the shells of eggs. It is used largely in the food of young chicks. Broken or pounded bones are more acceptable to adult fowls than bone meal.

BEE-KEEPING.—The supposition that no labor is required in bee-keeping has done more to cause failure than anything else. It requires close attention to grade the honey, and an experienced bee-keeper will grow flowering plants for his bees as well as devote time to the swarming, wintering and strengthening of the colonies.

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Misfortune and Consolation.

There is not an object in this world, says one of the best of modern writers, which Heaven can be supposed to look down upon with greater pleasure than that of a good man involved in misfortunes, surrounded on all sides with difficulties, yet cheerfully bearing up his head and struggling against them with firmness and constancy of mind.

For this reason, 'tis observable, that there is no subject upon which the moral writers of antiquity have exhausted so much of their eloquence, or where they have spent such time and pains, as in this of endeavoring to reconcile men to these evils. Insomuch, that from thence, in most modern languages, the patient enduring of affliction has by degrees obtained the name of philosophy, and almost monopolized the world to itself, as if it was the chief end or compendium of all the wisdom which philosophy had to offer.

And indeed, considering what lights they had, some of them wrote extremely well; yet, as what they said proceeded more from the head than the heart, 'twas generally more calculated to silence a man in his troubles than to convince and teach him to bear them. And therefore however subtle and ingenious their arguments might appear in the reading, 'tis to be feared they lost much of their efficacy when tried in the application.

If a man was thrust back in the world by disappointments, or, as was Job's case, had suffered a sudden change in his fortunes—from an affluent condition was brought down by a train of cruel accidents and pinched with poverty—philosophy would come in and exhort him to stand his ground; it would tell him that the same greatness and strength of mind which enabled him to behave well in the days of his prosperity should equally enable him to behave well in the days of his adversity; that it was the property of only weak and base spirits, who were insolent in the one to be dejected and overthrown by the other, whereas great and ingenious souls were at all times calm and equal. As they enjoyed the advantages of life with indifference, they were able to resign them with the same temper; and consequently were out of the reach of fortune. All which, however fine and likely to satisfy a man at ease, could convey but little consolation to a heart already pierced with sorrow.

Nor is it to be conceived how an unfortunate creature should any more receive relief from such a lecture, however just, than a man racked with an acute fit or the gout could be supposed to be free from torture by hearing from his physicians a nice dissertation upon his case.

The philosophic consolation in sickness, or in afflictions for the death of friends and kindred, were just as efficacious; and were rather in general to be considered as good sayings than good remedies. So that, if a man was bereaved of a promising child, in whom all his hopes and expectations centered, or a wife was left destitute to mourn the loss and protection of a kind and tender husband, Seneca and Epictetus would tell the pensive parent and disconsolate widow that tears and lamentations for the dead were fruitless and absurd, that to die was the necessary and unavoidable debt of nature; and as it could admit of no remedy, 'twas impious and foolish to grieve and fret themselves upon it.

Upon such sage counsel, as well as many other lessons of the same stamp, the same reflection might be applied which is said to have been made by one of the Roman Emperors to one who administered the same consolation to him on a like occasion; to whom, advising him to be comforted and make himself easy, since that event had been brought about by a fatality and could not be helped, he replied, "That this was so far from lessening his trouble that it was the very circumstance which occasioned it."

So that upon the whole, when the true value of these and many more of their current arguments have been weighed and brought to the test, one is led to doubt whether the greatest part of their heroes, the most renowned for constancy, were not much more indebted to good nerves and spirits, or the natural happy frame of their tempers, for behaving well, than to any extraordinary helps which they could be supposed to receive from their instructors.

And therefore we should make no scruple to assert, that one such instance of patience and resignation as this, which the Scripture gives us in the person of Job, not of one most pompously declaiming upon the contempt of pain and poverty, but of a man sunk in the lowest condition of humanity; to behold him stripped of his estate, his wealth, his friends, his children—cheerfully holding up his head and entertaining his hard fortune with firmness and serenity—and this not from a stoical stupidity, but a just sense of God's providence and a persuasion of his justice and goodness in all his dealings—such an example as this is of more universal use, speaks truer to the heart, than all the heroic precepts which the pedantry of philosophy has to offer.

PATIENCE and gentleness are necessary qualities in every girl's life. Patience aids in extinguishing envy, overcoming anger and crushing pride. How much good may be done and joy brought by a gentle word or look! Truly "a soft answer turneth away wrath!" Girls are not called upon to do great things, except in rare instances; but the every-day trials of life in the ordinary and appointed exercise of the Christian graces afford ample scope for practicing that virtue of mankind which has become proverbial. The best exercises of patience and self-denial—and the better because not chosen by ourselves—are those in which we have to bear with the failings of those about us, to endure neglect when we feel we deserved attention, and ingratitude when we expected thanks—to bear with disappointment in our expectations, with interruptions of our retirement, with folly, intrusion, disturbance—in short, with whatever opposes our will or contradicts our humor.

THERE are numbers of circumstances which attend every action of a man's life which can never come to the knowledge of the world, yet ought to be known and well weighed before sentence with any justice can be passed upon him. A man may have different views and a different sense of things from what his judges have; and what he understands and feels, and what passes within him, may be a secret treasured up deeply there forever. A man, through bodily infirmity, or some constitutional defect which perhaps is not in his power to correct, may be subject to inadvertences—to starts and unhappy turns of temper; he may lie open to snares he is not always aware of; or through ignorance and want of information and proper helps, he may labor in the dark; in all which cases he may do many things which are wrong in themselves and yet be innocent, at least an object rather to be pitied than censured with severity and ill-will. There are difficulties which stand in every one's way in the forming a judgment of the characters of others.

HUMAN beings are not born with equal gifts and powers. Wherever there is an upper and middle, there must be an under. The weak must seek the wall and be the stile from which the ambitious strong will vault towards the top. Nor can those appointed by nature for the pyramid's base serve in any other position. To press the wall as little as possible, get all the pay for service that it demands, and make the "best of now and here" is the bound of their possibilities. Without a foundation there can be no superstructure, and the position is as truly honorable as any other, though universal mankind have held it to be less desirable.

MANY, many are the ups and downs of life, and fortune must be uncommonly gracious to that mortal who does not experience a great variety of them; though perhaps to these may be owing as much of our pleasures as our pains. There are scenes of delight in the vale as well as the mountain; and the inequalities of nature may not be less necessary to please the eye than the varieties of life to improve the heart. At best we are but a short-sighted race of beings, with just light enough to discern our way—to do that is our duty, and should be our care. When a man has done this he is safe, the rest is of little consequence.

How careful should mothers be to make their homes sunny, joyous, bright and attractive, for on them is built the great fabric of the years to come. The long chain of life experience and lifetime memories begins there, and thought re-travels the path so often, lingering here and there by the way, living over and over again the sunny spring time memories. Mothers, too, should instil into every member of their families not only a love for truth, honor and virtue, but also a love for temperance, correct living, and all the health commandments which are needful to a healthful life.

EDUCATION, in its true sense, must have two distinct aims—to inform and develop the mind and to inspire and influence the heart. The success of each of these depends largely upon the success of the other; and upon their united and harmonious action will depend the strength and excellence of the character and the purity and value of the life. All true and useful knowledge is like good seed—it cannot be too highly prized or too widely disseminated; but to realize its possibilities it must be placed in fruitful soil prepared to receive and to vitalize it.

BEAUTY has so many charms one knows not how to speak against it; and when it happens that a graceful figure is the habitation of a virtuous soul, when the beauty of the face speaks out the modesty and humility of mind, and the justness of the proportion raises our thoughts up to the heart and wisdom of the great Creator, something may be allowed it, and something to the embellishments which set it off. And yet, when the whole apology is read, it will be found at last that Beauty, like Truth, is never so glorious as when it goes the plainest.

THERE is no greater mistake than that made by the man who is selfishly seeking any kind of happiness at the expense of others. If he search for it through his whole life, he will never find it. To diminish the welfare of his neighbors will add no mite to his own store. On the contrary, happiness increases as it is shared and diminishes as it is selfishly grasped.

PATIENCE and contentment—which like the treasure hid in the field for which a man sold all he had to purchase—is of that price that it cannot be had at too great a purchase, since without it the best condition in life cannot make us happy; and with it, it is impossible we should be miserable even in the worst.

IF there is one lesson that experience teaches, surely it is this: To make plans that are strictly limited, and to arrange our work in a practical way within the limits that we must accept.

IF the power to do hard work is not talent it is the best possible substitute for it.

The World's Happenings.

California is the third State to prohibit convict labor.

The fare on the horse cars in Athens, Greece, is only 2 cents.

In 1870 there were 34,527 lunatics in this country; in 1880, 76,895.

There is one liquor saloon for every 142 inhabitants in Philadelphia.

The queen regent of Spain sees her son, the baby king, only once a day.

A well known city missionary says there are 30 different languages spoken in Boston.

A new railroad car lately built at Chicago has a bath-room, a barber's shop, toilet-rooms and a library.

Tracheotomy has been attempted on horses in England to cure them of roaring, and tried with success.

A marsh, the mud of which is said to be an excellent hair restorer, has been discovered near Princeton, Ky.

A poultice of salt and the white of an egg is a powerful resolvent, and if applied in time will disperse a felon.

A woman in New York imagines herself the wife of the Creator, and will not be convinced to the contrary.

There are no railroads in Persia. Those who travel there must go on horseback or in palanquins carried by mules.

A young man with eyes possessing the peculiarities of those of an owl is said to be living in Lincoln, Placer county, Cal.

A man in Texas has a beard one yard twenty-eight inches long, and its breadth in the middle part is twenty-one inches.

Cayenne pepper blown into the cracks where ants congregate will drive them away. The same remedy is also good for mice.

Archbishop Kenrick, of St. Louis, lately gave his cheque for $600 for a ten years' bill which the gas company allowed to accumulate.

In Italy wine has never been known to be so cheap as it is now. In one part of the kingdom white wine sells for five cents a gallon.

Spiders perform an important part in the preservation of forests by defending the trees against the depredation of aphides and insects.

Two Oil City young men had a cigarette-smoking match the other day, and the winner consumed 50 cigarettes in an hour to the other fellow's 45.

A bill prohibiting the taking on of more passengers than seats can be provided for on the street cars of New York, is before the Legislature at Albany.

John Beauchamp, a big negro of Louisville, bet that he could eat sixty cooked eggs in as many minutes. He did it, but could hardly speak or move when he finished.

A "one cent lunch" stand having been established in New York, there is a demand for more of them. The bill of fare is soup, stewed fish, pork and beans, coffee, milk and bread.

A Bucks county farmer who sent ten dollars to a Philadelphia address, in answer to an advertisement of the finest feed-cutter in America, received in return a two-dollar set of false teeth.

Burglars blew open the safe in a Jersey City store the other night. Sixty dollars, blown from the safe by the force of the explosion, were found by a clerk lying on the floor. Nothing was missing.

A prisoner in Louisville who escaped the death penalty by simulating madness, and was acquitted on a second trial by the same means, is now unreserved in his chuckles over the way in which he deceived the jury.

Louis Gaudin, whose mother lived to be 108 years old, and whose wife was buried two years ago at the age of 102 years, died on Friday last, aged 109 years, at Woonsocket, R. I., where the figures are regarded as authentic.

Of about 2,000 officers in the regular army of the United States nearly one-fourth are men who have risen from the ranks of the regular army or from the ranks of the volunteer force that was organized to put down the Southern rebellion.

While bending over a well drawing a pail of water at her home in Roxbury, Mass., a few days ago, a Mrs. Cassidy was suddenly butted into the well by a goat which was a pet of hers. As soon as she was fished out she ordered his instant slaughter.

Six horses were required last week to draw the single stone to be used in the porch of the new court house at Northampton, Mass. It is one of the largest dressed stones in the county, being 11 feet square, 10 inches thick, and weighing nearly 10 tons.

Alexander III., of Russia, permits none of the familiarities from his courtiers which were tolerated by his father. The murdered Czar was frequently kissed by an aide-de-camp from the wrist up to the shoulder in humble appreciation of a kind sentence or two.

At the East End of London shirts are made at 4 cents each, and the sewing girl must furnish her own thread. Six shirts a day are a possibility with steady application, giving a net result of less than 24 cents. Buttonholes are made at from 2 to 3 cents per dozen.

A Hungarian band that was to play before the Czar at St. Petersburg had a novel experience. Each horn was taken to pieces and searched for bombs, and even the catgut of the fiddles was minutely examined before the players were allowed to appear before the Czar.

A Miss Smith practices the blue glass theory for all it is worth in Bridgeport, Conn., a local paper states. She dresses in blue silk, wears blue spectacles, has her meals served on blue glass dishes, and lives in a blue glass room, which she has not left for more than ten minutes at a time for eight years. She has never felt a pain or ache during this period.

NOT ALL, MY SWEET.

BY K. T. R.

Love is not all, my sweet!
There's something far above
The pleasure men call love,
Whose bliss is far too fleet.

Not born of flattery,
Nor, howe'er true, fond praise
Makes bright our future days
The long, long life to be.

Seek thou for sympathy;
The thought that answers thine,
The eyes whose glances shine,
Always alike on thee.

Speak thou thy vows, my sweet,
With hushed and bated breath,
Remember 'tis till death,
E'er thou those vows repeat.

Nay! vain attempt to guide
From my experience teaching;
It is but idle preaching,
God guard whate'er betide!

Clever Mrs. Folliott.

BY B. C.

"IT is of no use, mamma," said Lotta Elderton decisively. "By no amount of squeezing and crushing can the wagonette be made to hold more than six of us, and that will be too many on such an occasion as this! Who would care to make an appearance before Royalty hot, blowsy, and with one's skirts crumpled and flattened into ugly creases?"

Kind-hearted, placid Mrs. Elderton, who was—secretly—just a little in awe of her clever-managing eldest daughter, now regarded her helplessly.

"But, my dear, what is to be done? I have promised the children that they should go with us, and, since Edie has heard that a tiny Princess may be visible, she is all eagerness to see whether her Highness resembles one of the fairies in her story-book or is just another dear little dumpling as herself."

Lotta smiled indulgently, for she was fond of the petted youngest of the family, and replied that the children did not signify.

"Bertie can sit with the coachman, and I will take Edie on my knee rather than disappoint her; but that will not help us out of our difficulty. We are too large a party. We shall have to call for the Allonbys, because Cecil expects every attention paid to his betrothed and her mother—that makes our number four; then there are my sisters and Nina—three full-grown demoiselles to be disposed of—and how?"

Mrs. Elderton nibbled the top of her pen, and made no reply. A stronger-minded matron would have suggested that either Rose or Millie should stop at home, but then she was not strong-minded; moreover she knew that both had an equal interest in a set of floral table decorations, one of the many to be exhibited at the local flower-show, which was amongst the great events of the year to all who lived within walking or driving distance.

There was a pause, and then, without looking up, Lotta murmured in a complaining voice—

"It is very tiresome about Nina, mamma. What can have made her resolve to go with us?"

This question touched on the real difficulty. The cousin Nina, whom they had always frankly admitted to be prettier, brighter and far more clever than themselves, was, for the first time out of her numerous visits to Elderton Priory, de trop.

Did the fault lie in herself or her relatives?

Perhaps in neither, perhaps in both. The Eldertons were too generous to make any difference in their treatment of Nina because her father had been unfortunate. Although the once prosperous Liverpool merchant had been forced to retire to a small house in a secluded village, broken in health as well as fortune, his name was always spoken with the respect it merited; and if he could no longer welcome his brother's boys and girls to an almost princely table, they knew that it was because he had preferred poverty to dishonor.

Respect combined with affection to make Nina's relatives very tender to her as well as to her father; and none of them would listen when she tried to excuse herself from spending the customary summer holiday at Elderton Priory.

So she had come as usual, receiving the same cordial greeting, occupying the same pleasant chamber, regularly set apart for her use, and sharing the pursuits and amusements of her cousins just as she had been in the habit of doing.

And yet, though every member of the Elderton family would have rebutted the charge indignantly, the old familiar intercourse was not as frank and free as it had been. Nina was—outwardly—as cheerful as ever; as ready to sing, play tennis, ramble in the grounds, or romp in the nursery with the little ones, while her cousins professed themselves quite indifferent to the fact that her costumes were not as fresh as they used to be.

But were they? Was Nina never neglected for the loquacious, self-satisfied little heiress to whom Cecil Elderton had just betrothed himself? Or was it a morbid sense of having degenerated into the poor relation that made Nina spend so much of her time reading and working in some quiet corner where no one was likely to notice her?

Mr. Elderton, immersed in politics, did not perceive this at all. Mrs. Elderton, who was not very observant, seldom saw that anything was amiss until her attention was drawn to it by Lotta; and Lotta herself preferred to think that it was the heat or a headache that so frequently made Nina's cheeks pale and her eyes heavy.

Sometimes she would be seized with a fit of remorse, and upbraid herself for not being more sympathetic, but these pangs generally seized her at night after she had laid her head on her pillow, and no memory of them remained to torment her when she awoke in the morning.

So Nina was allowed to decline the three or four invitations in which she had been included, Lotta acknowledging to herself that it was a relief, and that she knew not which would have been the more painful—to be troubled with a consciousness that the pretty cousin's last year's gowns looked shabby beside her new ones, or to hurt her feelings with the offer of a loan.

But Nina's steady refusals to go anywhere made every one looked surprised when she quietly asked to be allowed to accompany Mrs. Elderton to the flower-show.

It could not be the gaiety of the scene that attracted her; she was brave enough to eschew gaiety for her father's sake. Neither could it be from a vulgar eagerness to stare at and jostle the Royal Duke and Duchess who threw open their gates that day, permitting the tents in which the flowers were exhibited to be erected in their park, and taking a hearty interest in the affair, for Nina was as refined as she was intelligent.

"Perhaps, Lotta dear," suggested Mrs. Elderton apologetically, "perhaps the poor child has remembered that it is the only pleasure that she is likely to have till she comes to us again. She will be shut up all the winter in that dull house, in attendance on her father. I am very sorry for her. I cannot help wishing that——"

"That Cecil's choice had fallen on her. Yes, mamma, it would have been very nice, but somehow brothers and sons never do marry the girls their mothers and sisters would have chosen for them. Besides, there was an obstacle. Have you forgotten that?"

"I know there was some nonsense talked by you and your sisters about General Raeburn's son, Lester, and your cousin; but I believe it arose from the General's widowed daughter, Mrs. Folliott, having taken one of her violent fancies to Nina. I do not like those very impetuous people."

"But Mrs. Folliott is a charming woman," Lotta insisted, "every one says so; and you must not run away with the idea that her friendship cooled when poor uncle's troubles overwhelmed him. I happen to know that she writes to Nina frequently."

"Was it over one one of her letters I found Nina crying a day or two since?" demanded Mrs. Elderton.

Lotta scouted the idea. She had seen two or three of Mrs. Folliott's effusions, and knew they teemed with expressions of affection and sympathy for her young friend.

"Then Nina must have some secret trouble which she does not allow any of us to share," said Nina's aunt commiseratingly. "This accounts for much that has surprised as well as grieved me. I could not understand a girl of her stamp being so powerfully affected by a reverse of circumstances."

"But she cannot be very unhappy, or she would not be so anxious to go to the flower-show," retorted Lotta; "and this brings us back to our difficulty. Some one will have to be left at home to make room for her. Which must it be Rose or Millie?" And who is to reconcile the unlucky one to the disappointment?"

However, it was not inflicted on either of the young ladies, Mrs. Allonby, who had been slightly indisposed, declining to risk the fatigue and exposure to the heat the drive would entail upon her; and Mrs. Elderton's still lovely face beamed with content as she took her place in the wagonette, beckoning her niece to the seat beside her.

There was nothing to mar her enjoyment; what matron could gather a fairer bevy of girls about her than clustered round Mrs. Elderton, or more charming children? Why then did Lotta suddenly break upon the laughter and merry chatter with a pettish remark?

"We look," quoth she, "like a flower garden with a white lily set it our midst to draw attention to our flaunting colors."

* * * * * * *

Fortunately, Lotta's companions were too well satisfied with the pale pink and blue and delicate lilac hues with which they had bedecked themselves to take affront at a comparison that exalted Nina's good taste to the disparagement of theirs. Only her aunt mentally conceded that she had never looked better than in the white muslin her own hands had embroidered, and the white bonnet made with a little assistance from Mrs. Elderton's maid, and unornamented, save by an artistically blended bunch of leaves, similar to those pinned at her throat.

Never had she looked more attractive, and yet to any but the most careless observer it would have been evident that her heart was not at ease.

At one moment her face would be so colorless that the arm of Edie, whom she was holding, stole lovingly about her neck in childish surprise that her cousin could breath such deep sighs while every one else was happy; at the next a flush would burn upon her cheek, of so brilliant a crimson, that Lotta could liken her to the queen flower of our gardens no longer.

Those who know Surrey, that county of wide commons, fir-topped hills, and deep winding lanes, will concede that in all rural England prettier scenery is not to be found than surrounds the home one of Her Majesty's sons has there made for himself.

At the park gates there was an interruption, a restive horse refusing to be guiding through them. A throng of pedestrians streaming down the hill from the station was scattered, and there was also such a block of carriages and so much confusion, that Mrs. Elderton, never very courageous, became alarmed, and insisted on alighting despite Lotta's assurances that it would be more prudent to sit still.

As the coachman was fully occupied in keeping his own horses under control, the ladies would have been awkwardly situated if a fine soldierly-looking elderly gentleman, whose empty sleeve told a tale of active service, had not seen Mrs. Elderton's terror and gone to her assistance.

By his aid she and her daughters were skilfully piloted into the park, the last to leave the wagonette being Lotta, who, in jumping off the step, contrived to catch some of the trimming of her dress in one of the buttons on the sleeve of the gallant veteran. This would have caused another delay if Nina had not seen what had happened, and promptly interposed to disentangle the silken strands, and set both the captives free.

She slipped away to her aunt's side before Lotta had finished apologizing for her awkwardness, and did not know that this elderly gentleman stood gazing after her with his eyes knit in perplexity. Never before had he seen her; of this he felt certain such a face was not easily forgotten; why then had she bent upon him a look—a momentary glance, no more—but with all the piteous entreaty in it that quivering lips and eyes swimming in tears could express?

"Do you know the name of that officer?" queried Miss Allonby, who prided herself on knowing every one. "I do," she added importantly. "I have seen him take the command of a brigade at a review. He is a General, and his name is Raeburn. He has a daughter, the widow of a military man, and I think there is a son, who holds an appointment in one of the colonies."

Lotta tried to get a glimpse of her cousin's face, but it was averted, and with so much to engage her attention, it is not surprising if she soon ceased speculating how Nina had felt on finding herself in such close proximity to the father of the Lester Raeburn whom, in the old happy times she had certainly been learning to love dearly.

There is an amount of hard work to be got through at a local flower-show of which those who occasionally wile away an hour at the Botanical, or South Kensington, can have no idea.

If we ourselves do not exhibit, our neighbors do, and feel positively hurt if we have to confess that we have not seen some enormous melon or inimitable cucumber, or admired the roses which we secretly think our own could excel.

Then the cottagers expect to find us taking a kindly interest in the products of their little plots of ground, or the pot-plants, or bunches of wild flowers their children have been encouraged to bring.

Amateur gardeners too—and who that lives in the country does not dabble more or less in floriculture?—have always something to learn from the failures or success of the competitors for the prizes; or something fresh to note, and perchance envy, amongst the exhibitors of the fortunate few who can afford to bring together under palatial glass houses the floral treasures of other lands.

Making the tour of the tents is generally trying, and Mrs. Elderton came out of them so exhausted by the crowding and heat as to thankfully accept the first seat that offered, and consented to leave her party for awhile to their own devices.

A more charming lounge for the weary could not have been selected. There was the greenest of sward beneath the tired feet, and high overhead were the wide branches of magnificent clumps of trees.

At no great distance one of the finest of our military bands discoursed dreamy waltzes, or the old national melodies that never pall on the ear; the white tents with their gay banners covered a considerable space of the foreground, and above the gentle slopes and terraces of its gardens stood "the house," a mansion neither too large nor too pretentious to be deprived of that certain degree of homeliness which every Englishman's dwelling should have.

When Mrs. Elderton sat down her party seceded. Rose and Millie hurried back to make a more particular inspection of the table decorations, the fact that theirs were "Highly Commended" not having reconciled them to a card with "First Prize" being appended to the exhibit of one of their intimate friends

Lotta was coaxed by Edie to take her to where she could obtain a nearer view of the nurse who was pacing a gravel walk with an infant in her arms, the little girl finding it difficult to credit that this baby, who looked so like other babies, was the grand-child of our Queen and a Prince in his own right.

Miss Allonby, with all the little airs and graces of a bride elect, was dispensing nods and smiles to friends innumerable, and watching carriage after carriage drive up, with pouting displeasure that her betrothed, who had promised to follow quickly, was not in either of them.

As for Nina, she willingly permitted herself to be monopolized by the little boy Bertie, who had discovered that one immense marquee was devoted to a poultry-show and therefore must be far better worth visiting than the others.

It certainly was cooler and quieter, in spite of the noises of the belligerant birds, which crowed defiance till they crowed themselves hoarse, for there had just been a rush of visitors in another direction, and this tent was nearly deserted.

Some one had espied the Duke and Duchess, followed by their children and some guests, crossing the lawn towards a gate in the wire fence of the private grounds. They were coming to gladden the hearts of the exhibitors with their admiration, and must expect to be followed and gazed at by a respectful and loyal crowd wherever they went.

As Nina suffered herself to be dragged from one cage to another of the pigeons that evoked Bertie's raptures, she became aware that she in her turn was an object of interest to Lester Raeburn's father. But she did not know that his eyes had been upon her ever since she startled him with that piteous look of appeal.

He had been near her, nearer than she dreamed of, when she lingered behind her companions to read the inscriptions on the trees planted to keep green the memories of some who are no longer with us, or to commemorate some event in the lives of the young couple who watch their growth. He had descried or fancied he had, that the patient smile with which she had listened to the little boy was akin to tears and that in the midst of this gay scene she was weighed down with some heavy trouble.

Yet what had he to do with it? Why had she gazed at him so imploringly?

As he asked himself that question, Bertie Elderton suddenly dragged his cousin across the tents to show her some rabbits, and once again Nina found herself face to face with General Raeburn.

And again her lip quivered, and she met his eyes with such entreaty in hers that, casting etiquette to the winds, he accosted her—

"Young lady, you have something to say to me; what is it?"

* * * * * * *

Bertie roaming from hutch to hutch, heard nothing but the cooing of the pigeons not far away; but the ears of the General caught a tremulous half-whispered exclamation—

"Oh, sir! I am Nina Elderton."

The dusky grey brows were knitted in perplexity, and Nina found herself surveyed inquiringly.

"I don't think that name is familiar to me," she was frankly told, "and yet I believe I have heard it, too. Has not my daughter, Mrs. Folliott, spoken in my hearing of——"

But the query ended with a brusque "Ha!" and another and still more intent regard. General Raeburn had just remembered how, on his return from India, a few months since, Mrs. Folliott hinted that her brother had been in danger of making a foolish marriage, which she had fortunately succeeded in setting aside.

He had not liked the expression at the time; he liked it less now that he had seen Nina—if, indeed, this fair, sorrowful girl was the dangerous damsel from whose toils he had been bidden to congratulate himself on his son's escaping.

But she was offering him a ring.

"Lester refuses to take this back," she faltered, her voice growing firmer as she went on, "but I give it to you, sir, with my promise never to see him if I can avoid it, and never to consent to be his wife."

"A promise easily kept," observed the General smiling satirically, "while you are here and Lester the other side of the globe!"

"He is coming home; by this time he must have landed in England."

Lester's father started and frowned.

"What madness! Why, it may cost him his appointment! Why was I kept in ignorance of this engagement?"

"There was none when Lester went away," Nina responded, locking her hands together and pressing them to her heart to try and still the throbbing. "My father thought me too young, and forbade it. We were friends nothing more. It was when he heard of our misfortunes that he wrote, enclosing this ring and telling me he held me dearer—— But I am making you more angry with him than you were. And yet I think that you should be very proud of your son for his honorable conduct."

"Was it honorable to keep in the dark the father who has always tried to be his best friend?"

"He has not done that purposely, sir; indeed he has not!" Nina asserted. "See how he speaks of you in this letter to me;—'I am sorry I let Harriet persuade me to say nothing to my father before I left England, but I have written to him now. He is both just and generous, and it was a mistake not to take him into my confidence sooner.'"

"Hum!" mused the veteran; "the boy's letter has gone to Bombay. I bade him direct there, thinking I should have gone back ere this. A mistake, indeed! I am glad he sees it."

"And you will forgive him?" pleaded Nina, drawing nearer, and venturing to lay her trembling fingers on his sleeve. "You will—ah! let me hear you say that you will have patience with him till he is able to remind himself that obedience to you is his first duty."

"And you; Miss Elderton?"

"I came here to-day," she answered, her tones growing fainter and sadder, "lest he should arrive while my aunt was absent, and insist on seeing me. I shall go back to my father by the first train to-morrow."

"You are content to do so?"

It was a cruel question, and Nina could not repress a sob as she answered it—

"Not content, but striving to do what I feel to be right. I am not ashamed of having loved Lester, and I shall always be proud to know that he has loved me so well but could I ever be happy again if I knew that I had lost him your affection?"

"By whose advice are you acting?" was the General's next query.

"I do not understand you, sir. After Mrs. Folliott told me you had other views for her brother, my own course was clear; it was only been rendered difficult by Lester's refusal to give me up."

"Let us go and find my daughter; she is here somewhere."

Too much agitated to remember her young charge, who was so absorbed in watching the feeding of some turkeys that he did not miss her, hoping, fearing, and not daring to say more, Nina accepted the arm offered her, and left the tent with Lester's father.

By this time the Duchess had been conducted to a raised chair in the centre of a space, around which the spectators grouped themselves to watch her graciously hand the prizes to their winners.

Not till this ceremony was over was there any possibility of getting speech with the lively little lady, whose fascinating manners and brilliant conversational powers made her a general favorite; even those who made the discovery that Mrs. Folliott's friendship was not always to be depended on, being unable to resist the charm of her smiles and caressing speeches.

And now the prize-giving was over; the throng was dividing to enable the Duke and Duchess to return to the house; the band was playing the last selection on the programme; and those who had far to drive began to turn their steps towards the long line of carriages drawn up in waiting.

From the seat General Raeburn had found for her, standing beside it so grimly silent that she was afraid to guess at the nature of his thoughts, Nina caught sight of her aunt at no great distance. She was debating whether she ought to propose to join her, when Mrs. Folliott came hurrying towards her father.

"Oh, papa! I don't know what you will say," she panted "but Lester—oh, how he has startled me! Lester is here!—actually in England, and here!"

Nina rose to her feet, trembling violently; not for herself, but for the steadfast lover who had come across the sea at all risks, to prove that trouble and poverty had made no change in him.

She was gently compelled to reseat herself.

"Sit still, child; you are not fit to move yet."

"My dear Nina, I did not see you!" stammered Mrs. Folliott, very much disconcerted.

She had not time to say more, for Lester had followed her, and was clasping his father's hand with such genuine delight at the meeting, that when that hand was released, it was only to be laid on the young man's shoulder with a murmured blessing.

The blessing was followed with a sigh, for already Lester had discovered the presence of Nina, and was forgetting all else but her.

"I should like a summary of your tactics," the General said to his daughter, as he drew her aside. "It seems to me that before Lester left England you threw these young people together."

"Perhaps I did, but then every one thought Mr. Elderton was as rich as his brother, and Nina is the dearest of girls."

"And yet since her father failed——"

"Oh, sir! my brother, with his prospects, ought to do better. What would you have said to me if I had allowed him to marry a bankrupt's daughter?"

"It doesn't matter what I should have said, though I might ask you if you ever knew me connive at a dishonorable action or make money my idol. What I do say is that, like many another busy schemer, you have wasted your time and trouble."

And when Mrs. Folliott learned that her brother would shortly carry to his colonial home a bride and the bride's father, she was obliged to confess that the General had spoken truly.

Princess and Brownies.

BY M. L. B.

SHE was nobody's little girl; that was the grievance. Not that she had no one to love her, for there were her Aunt Priscilla, Miss Dennett, her governess, and all the old servants, to whom her slightest wish was law.

Then she possessed a white pony with a long tail, on which she rode every fine morning; a dog that was certainly fat and small, but not without affection; a tabby cat and two kittens, and six big wax dolls dressed in the latest fashion or in long baby gowns and a string of other toys too numerous to mention. Besides all this, she received a shilling every week for pocket-money, and sundry gold pieces on birthdays and other great occasions.

Nevertheless her grievance remained. She was nine years old, and no one had ever spoken or thought of her, as far as she knew, as a little girl. She was Aunt Priscilla's niece, Miss Dennett's pupil, her father's daughter.

Perhaps if this father had been in England instead of India, she might have been his little girl; but he always wrote to her as, "My dear daughter," and signed himself, "Your affectionate father." Aunt Priscilla and Miss Dennett called her Dorothy, or "my dear" when she was very good. They kissed her once every morning when she came into the breakfast-room, and once every night when she walked to them quietly before going to bed. They were kind and loved her, but that was all.

Nobody ever called her Dolly, or Puss, or darling, or even Tom-boy. No one ever pulled her curls, indeed she had none to be pulled, for her hair was always kept closely cropped. She was never caught up into any one's arms and half-smothered with kisses, or teased and romped with a little; and no one would ever think of saying, "This is my little lassie." Therefore she was no one's little girl.

Thus the poor wee maiden of nine summers had argued to herself in her blind old-fashioned, unchildish way. No, she was not Miss Dorothy Ventnor, Colonel Ventnor's daughter, Miss Priscilla Ventnor's niece, Miss Dennett's pupil, the old servants' young lady.

But across the street exactly opposite her own large nursery window there was a shabby house in which lived four rosy-cheeked, sturdy-limbed maidens who were little girls to every one of their home; four lassies who had father, mother, two babies, nurse, cook, and housemaid who were devoted to them, and to whom they too gave all their love.

True, these damsels had only one maid to attend to all of them and the babies as well; only china dolls to play with; no pony on which to ride; no carriage to take them to school and back on wet or snowy days. But for all these things they never seemed to care, or to feel the loss of.

They hugged the bonny babies until they crowed with glee, they dressed and undressed their dollies with tender solicitude, washing and kissing their faded faces as if they were very dear to them, and in a way that Dorothy never thought of treating her costly daughters.

They played all manner of wild games, quarreling not seldom, but always making up again with kisses and repentant words. And on the snowy days they slided down the streets, with their chubby hands stuck into shabby muffs, and red comforters tied round their neck, that matched their knitted Tam-a-Shanters.

And always before starting they kissed their mother, who, often with a baby in her arms, watched them as far as she could see, each little girl going first of all into the quiet room where the master of the house sat, for a bear's embrace. Dorothy wondered sometimes if this father of these little girls had a great many friends, to whom he wrote, or if he were making up for lost time by writing exercises, for he would sit several hours in the day with his pen flying rapidly over the paper; or lean back in his chair wrapped in deep thought, or studying books. All this Dorothy could see from her nursery-window, and many other things besides.

But what frolics there were when all the lessons had been learnt, in that study! The table was pushed aside with its pens, books, and papers, and the father played with his little girls at blindman's-buff, hunt the slipper, fox and geese (he being fox, and on very state occasions the mother, goose), and a hundred-and-one other delightful games that Dorothy never knew the name of. But the fun always ended by the father pulling his children around him, with one upon his knee (they took turns at that), and another leaning against the mother, who at these times knitted the Tam-a-Shanters, or red scarfs, or a baby's sock. Sometimes they would all appear to be talking, and at others the master only would talk, pulling a curl or stealing a kiss during a pause.

Dorothy would get quiet excited. "Oh, nurse, he is pulling one of the mite's curls, No. three's, short curls;" or, "Oh, nurse, it is No. one, long curls, who is stroking her mother's hand." For this foolish child had named her little opposite neighbors, "Nos. one and two, long curls"—these were the two eldest; and "Nos. three and four, short curls"—those were the two tiny ones, whose hair was as short as Dorothy's own, but stood up all over their heads in soft, short curls.

And nurse always answered:

"Miss Dorothy, you ought not to stare in this manner into other people's houses. What would your aunt say if she knew that you did so?"

And then Dorothy would run quickly from the window and hug old nurse, crying:

"Oh, nursie dear, don't tell her; and I am sure it does not matter, for I only peep just from behind the curtain where they cannot see me, but I can look straight in at them."

And nurse, half mollified, would answer: "Well, well, perhaps it does not matter; but they are strange people to have their blinds undrawn when such a racket is going on."

To which remark Dorothy never said what was in her thoughts—that the old fashioned street was so quiet, few people passed down it, and her young eyes could see so plainly because the nursery was on a level with that other room, exactly opposite to it, in fact.

For nurse was growing old, and a little "past children's fancies," as she often declared; and this restless dreamy Dorothy was so entirely different from her former contented charges, that she had scarcely any sympathy with her. Poor Dorothy! her ayah had returned to India; the nursery maids were always changing, for they could not "put up with nurse's high notions and testy ways."

It chanced one evening when the "Curls" were enjoying a noisier romp than usual, in the midst of a new game, in fact, that Dorothy was trying hard to catch full sight of, nurse called her charge to be arrayed in her white frock. Miss Priscilla had a dinner party that night, and an old gentleman who had just returned from India had expressed a strong desire to see the little lassie the colonel had so often spoken to him about.

So nurse and Hannah pulled off the little merino gown in great haste, and slipped on the white skirts, after having bestowed a hasty sponge on the always clean, pale little face, and having brushed the soft hair smooth from its parting.

And Dorothy, feeling very starched and shy, grasped the old butler's hand, to gain confidence ere he flung wide the dining-room door for her to enter. The little girl had a confused notion of walking to her aunt's side, and of a very red old gentleman, with a very bald head and a very deep hoarse voice, asking her if she were Colonel Ventnor's good little girl. But this strange old gentleman's eyes were so kind and had such a funny twinkle, that Dorothy for once forgot her shyness, and answered so prettily that Aunt Priscilla looked pleased.

Then the new friend would have a chair placed against him for his "favorite," and he offered her so many sweets, that Aunt Priscilla was quite relieved when Dorothy picked out a few raisins and almonds, and with polite old-fashioned courtesy declined the other fruits. For Aunt Priscilla believed in the good old doctrine, that cake and sweets very few and very far between are the best for all small boys and girls.

* * * * * * *

The week that followed was the happiest and gayest Dorothy could ever remember. Her new friend, Mr. Hammond, seemed to have nothing more important to do than to provide for this one small girl's pleasure. He took her to every suitable entertainment, brought her sweets, toys, and flowers at every visit, offering them to her with an old-fashioned politeness that quite won Aunt Priscilla's approval.

Finally, one very snowy day, he brought a carriage in which he and Miss Dorothy were to go on a mysterious errand, and the errand was neither more nor less than to buy a doll; one that could speak, open and shut its eyes, and, when wound up, even walk across the floor.

The shopman was just exhibiting this last accomplishment, when Dorothy clasped her patron's hand tightly, saying in an excited whisper, "The Curls!"

And sure enough there stood four brown-eyed, brown-curled wee maidens in scarlet Tam-a-Shanters and coats the same color as their hair, watching the walking doll with wide-eyed astonishment. But the next minute some dolls were brought out for their inspection, and their attention was diverted.

There seemed to be a long discussion over these cheap dollies. Brown curls three picked out one with flaxen ringlets and blue eyes, which she evidently regarded with great affection. But when the shopman said, "Fifteen-pence, miss," her face clouded a little, although the next minute she explained cheerfully, "You see Mrs. Toyseller, my papa's ship has only brought a shilling each for we elder ones this time, and for mamma——"

But here her mother said with a smile: "That will do, Dolly; your namesake, therefore, must only cost one shilling."

But after all it did not cost even as much as that, for the eldest girl having discovered an india-rubber baby that cried whenever one pressed it, and which also had the loveliest blue eyes, the little sisters after a long consultation, decided to give one of their shillings for this treasure and present it to the biggest baby.

After being assured by their mother that baby No. two would appreciate one of their old dolls quite as well as a new one, they chose for themselves two china dolls with white curls at sixpence each, and two imitation wax ones with names for the same price. With the remaining threepence each one bought a penny wooden doll with a painted hat, another one of china with hair done up like a lady's, also a penny, and two smaller china ones that were to be the children, as the eager third curls explained.

Finally, the little girls left the shop each with a brown paper parcel under her brown-coated arm, the india-rubber baby being intrusted to the eldest sister. And these small girls who had so generously given up one of their shillings, went away with such smiling, happy faces, that Dorothy watched them with the greatest interest and astonishment. A shilling seemed such a small sum to have caused such grave discussion amongst these little people.

With a great sigh the little girl came back to the consideration of her own purchase. But her attention wandered, and at last she whispered to Mr. Hammond—

"Oh, please will you lend me a schilling to buy the other baby a new doll?"

"I will give you more than one for that if you like, dearie," said the old gentleman.

"No, thank you," answered Dolly, "it would not do to give more than a shilling, for perhaps then the other baby would feel hurt. I spent my last Saturday's shilling on that doll's piano for my doll's house, and it will be four whole days before I have another. But won't it be the same as if I gave the shilling now, if you were to buy me a doll that costs one shilling less?"

The old gentleman smiled, and asked the shopman how he could make the walking lady exactly one shilling less in value. Her jewelry, it seemed was worth just that sum.

So Dorothy watched with a little pain the blue-and-gold locket, watch and ear rings being taken from her new treasure; but she might buy them back some day, unless, oh, dreadful thought! they happened to be sold before she had the necessary sum.

A second india-rubber baby was bought, and packed into a card-board box. Then the obliging shopman lent a pen, with which Mr. Hammond wrote the direction. He smiled as he added at Dorothy's request, "For the baby, from a sincere friend." But even that was not enough, for Dorothy seized by a sudden fear that, as there were two babies, the mother might be doubtful for which this dolly was intended, wrote, in her own childish letters, "For the bald baby."

Mr. Hammond smiled more than ever then, but he made no objection to this last clause, and, with the little girl's hand in his and the attentive shopman following, he entered the carriage. The boxes were put on the front seat, and the little face that watched them all the way home was as happy as those had been of the four little girls in red caps.

Finally, a boy was given sixpence to convey the india-rubber baby to its destination, and Dorothy stood in the cold street watching to see that he delivered it properly. Then she took her kind friend's hand, and with a sigh of satisfaction entered the house.

But although the little girl gazed until bed-time into that opposite room, she saw nothing to indicate that the baby had received her gift. A hundred fears possessed her. Supposing the mother had thought there was a mistake, and so sent the doll back to the shop, or to that red baby who lived in the next square? Dorothy went to bed quite disheartened, but in five minutes forgot her troubles in sleep.

* * * * * * *

How great was the little girl's delight the next morning, when, taking her place at the breakfast-table, she saw lying against her plate a large envelope, directed in a round hand to

MISS DOROTHY VENTNOR,
The Gables.

"Yes, Dorothy, you may open it now," said Aunt Priscilla, answering her little

niece's inquiring look. "I expect it is from the little girls opposite. Their mother has written asking me to allow you to drink tea with them this afternoon."

But Dorothy was so excited about her letter that she scarcely heard this wonderful news. And this was what she saw and read. On the top of a large sheet of white paper was drawn a fairy waving a wand over a baby's cradle, and presenting with the other hand a doll. Below this was written in a very neat round-hand, on two lines, "To the Princess," and the letter that followed ran thus:—

"DEAR PRINCESS,

"Papa drew the picture, and Maude is writing this letter. We have guessed that you sent our baby the doll, for we were in the shop, and we saw you under the lamp watching the boy to our house. We all thank you for our baby, who can't herself. She smiled when we squeaked it. Mamma is writing to ask your auntie to let you come to tea with us. Do come if you can. We will fetch you at half-past two.

"Your loving brownies,

"MAUDE, ETHEL, DOLLY, TABBY.

"Good-bye.

"P. S.—We send a kiss from baby, who isn't bald, but her hair is very soft and fair; and another from each of us.

"N. B.—Please bring a doll, as we are going to have a ball."

At half-past two the door-bell rang, and four small girls in brown coats and red caps all asked at once if the Princess was ready. The solemn butler ushered them into the long drawing-room, at the end of which sat Miss Priscilla by a fire, with a book in one hand and a fire screen in the other.

But the brownies, although quiet now, were not at all abashed. They stepped one after the other to Miss Priscilla, and laid tiny red-gloved fingers in her outstretched hand. Then they seated themselves on the four chairs she pointed out, and answered her questions with perfect self-possession.

"Well-bred," said Aunt Priscilla to herself; "they will do Dorothy good, as Mr. Hammond prophesized."

Indeed the little folks were talking in quite an animated way when Dorothy entered, explaining that Maud and Ethel were ten and nine, Dolly and Tabby seven and five, the biggest baby nearly two years, and the youngest three months; how it was Ethel's birthday, and they were having a cake with sugar upon it—and a party as well.

"A party," cried Aunt Priscilla. "Then, Dorothy, you ought to have your white frock on."

"Oh, she's the party," explained Ethel. "Mamma would not let us say it was my birthday, for she thought it looked like asking for a present."

So the Princess and her child were marched off by the four brownies, who, directly they got inside their own home, seized her round the neck and hugged her all at once. Poor Dorothy was released from this energetic embrace by the mother, who, after stooping to kiss her, took the little girl's hand into hers and led her upstairs, where she unfastened her hat and coat.

As for the four brownies, they flung their things anywhere, but finally gathered them all up and carried them to a large closet, where the four caps and coats hung side by side in most comical fashion.

And to describe all that Dorothy saw and heard would fill a large sheet. It is enough to relate a part only. First of all she was taken to inspect the baby who was not bald and who smiled when her new dolly was squeaked. And she was such a dear baby seen close to, with soft, fine hair like pale corn, and the funniest dimple in her chin.

And the other baby was a girl too, Stella, her name. "My Star, papa calls her," explained eager Dolly. She too had corn-colored hair, very thick and soft, but with scarcely any curl in it, standing all round her head like rays of glory; she also possessed very pink cheeks and very blue eyes, the funniest soft hands, and teeth that shone like pearls between her pretty red lips. But Dorothy thought her voice and laugh were the sweetest music she had ever heard.

For baby Stella could just lisp a few words, and she was so proud when she said any sentence of more than two words, that she would shrug her dimpled shoulders, and send forth such a clear ripple of laughter, that "it was like listening to the splash of a brook over stones." At least that was Dorothy's description of it afterward to her aunt.

The little girl could have sat watching this wonderful baby all afternoon had the brownies allowed it to be so. But they had all their treasures to display. The four pink bags in the toy cupboard in which were hoarded the scraps for the dollies' clothing; the four dolls' houses made out of cigar boxes, the lids dividing each house into an upper and a lower room; the small dollie in these dressed as papa, mamma, and babies, the old dolls being servants or visitors; the Noah's Ark, blocks, rocking-horse, marbles, tops, and other toys that small girls delight in.

Dorothy was deeply impressed with one and all of these playthings, that seemed so near and mean after her own grander ones, were evidently regarded as treasures by the brownies. They were especially proud of their dolls' houses and the furniture in them, most of which had been made from cardboard by their own clever little fingers.

And the old dolls too were not thrown aside, but, if not too much broken, were carefully mended and dressed again, ready for the first poor little boy or girl to whom they would give pleasure.

"For mother helps so many poor people," explained the brownies; "and she lets us help too by making our old toys nice for the children. Sometimes we buy them new things with our Saturday's pennies or half-pennies."

Saturday's pennies and halfpennies! Only Ethel and Maude had pennies. Dorothy opened her eyes wide with pity and then with wonder, as the four small girls chattered on gaily and happily. Evidently they thought pennies and halfpennies worth having. And they only seemed surprised, not envious, when Dorothy explained, in answer to Ethel's question, "if she had yet been promoted to a penny," that she had a shilling every week.

"Twelve pennies or twenty-four half-pennies!" they all cried with a gasp.

"But then," added Ethel, "she is a Princess, you know, and princesses have so much to buy."

"Why do you call me a princess?" asked bewildered Dorothy.

"Papa will tell you after tea," said Ethel; "it is his name for you."

"But he does not even know me!" cried Dorothy, more astonished than before.

"No, but he writes books," explained Ethel again, spokeswoman by right of her birthday; "and after we had noticed you watching us when we played in his study in an evening, he said, 'The Princess must be allowed to see the fun, for it is her royal prerogative to do as she likes;' and so we left the blind up and drew back the curtains."

"Oh, I did not mean to stare and be rude," cried Dorothy, with tears in her eyes; "I thought you could not see me."

"You were not rude, darling, only lonely," cried all the brownies, hugging her and kissing away the starting tears. "After that papa began telling us a tale about a princess and four brownies. We knew it meant you and us, because it has a lot of true things in it about us all. Ethel will ask for that tale to-night."

"Yes," cried Dolly, "because we always choose our own pudding and help it on our birthdays; and the tale we like best as well."

"And now we must have the ball," said the brownies.

It would be impossible to describe the grandeur of this ball. The four new dolls were brought out, dressed in new costumes for the occasion; the two india-rubber babies being also present, without their frocks, nurse having only just begun to dress them. As for the brownies, they had made their doll's skirts and gowns long before, and then when they got their money they bought their dollies to fit the garments.

And now came the most solemn part of the whole thing. The cook and housemaid were summoned from the kitchen, mamma was escorted by blue-eyed Stella and Ethel from the drawing-room, nurse put down her work to give better attention to the matter in hand, and Ethel, with a very solemn face, pointed to the seven dolls who sat in a row of prim state by the rocking-horse rockers, and asked gravely, "Which is the belle?"

And all pronounced Ethel's doll to be just a little bit grander and prettier than the others, for her tarlatan dress over pink silk was certainly most becoming. And as this was exactly how each little girl wanted the vote to go, because it was Ethel's birthday, every one was satisfied.

This was always the formal introduction to each ball. The cook and housemaid went below again, the mother stayed and nursed her baby, and the five little girls waltzed, polkad, and quadrilled with their dollies until they were tired, and had to partake of imaginary refreshment out of the dolls' tea-things.

But at tea-time there was a real set of small tea-things, and Ethel poured real milk and water out of a small tea-pot into the tiny cups. Biscuits, bread and butter, and small bits of bun were served on tiny dishes, these dishes being continually filled from larger ones. It was wonderful too how many times the good-natured Susan had to replenish the small tea-pot, cream-jug, and sugar-basin. She seemed to enjoy the fun nearly as much as the little girls. And the birthday-cake was everything that could be desired, covered all over with white sugar, and "Ethel" in pink comfits on the top.

As for Dorothy, she sat in happy silence. Everything was so delightfully new and strange, from the pretty cake with sugar to the tiny waisted cow over the tea-pot. The dollies sat in a row on the couch, with their fourteen legs—or rather ten, for the two india-rubber babies would not bend, and had therefore to stand—stretched stiffly out, and their own particular cups and saucers before them.

"They are allowed to come down on birth-days," explained Tabby, who had been rather shy until now, "so as to learn manners."

But Dorothy wondered why the father never appeared. His tea was carried into the study, the room that was shut off from the rest of the house by a baize door and long passage, the drawing-room being underneath it. Even the brownies seemed fidgety. They showed their picture-books in an absent manner to their visitor, and Ethel said in a loud whisper, after watching the big hand of the clock for at least two minutes—

"I am sure papa has got a new thought on my birthday!"

"A new thought!" asked surprised Dorothy.

"Yes," explained Ethel: "we hear papa tell mother sometimes he has a new thought, and that often means he will be so busy and writing so hard, he cannot see us all the evening."

But just as the little girl finished and the clock struck six, a distant door was heard to open, and a cheery voice called, "Where are my rogues, the mother and babies?"

Next the dining-room door opened, and in there came a tall man, who caught up baby Stella and tossed her nearly to the ceiling. Then holding her with one hand he put the other on Ethel's curls, saying, "Well, little woman, do you feel like turning into a fairy godmother at present?"

And this big father had such kind eyes and so pleasant a voice, that Dorothy forgot to be shy when the brownies pushed her forward, crying, "Papa, here is the Princess!"

"Welcome, Princess!" he said, smiling down on the little girl, and stroking her short hair as he did his own small daughters' curls.

And what a romp they all had in the large pleasant study! Papers were pushed into safe places, and the fun waxed warm and quick. Dorothy forgot she had on her best frock, and danced and laughed as gaily as the others.

And when they were all tired, sleepy Stella was borne away by nurse, and the father and mother drew their chairs to the fire, with the five little girls between them, Ethel and Dorothy having the places of honor, being perched on each knee of the father.

And then came the story of the Princess and the brownies. It was all about a princess who lived in a grand palace with a good fairy godmother who loved her dearly, and other kind fairies to wait upon her; and four brownies who lived in a delightful grotto opposite the palace, who were always wondering about the princess, and wanting to go into the palace and see her beautiful fairy-gifts.

And the papa and mamma brownies told their children sometimes when they grumbled that after all the princess was no happier than they, for she had no kind little sisters and baby brownies to play with, and although her godmother loved her very dearly, her father, the king, had been obliged to leave the princess for a long time. And at this part the father stroked Dorothy's hair with very gentle hands.

But the end of the story was delightful. After various adventures of the princess and the brownies, they came to know each other, and the princess turned out to be such a dear, loving little princess, who played with the babies and their sisters, and confessed that she too has often wanted to come into the brownies' grotto, and had also sometimes felt a little discontented when she had seen how happy they all were; and then they found that after all each one was in her right place, in her own palace or grotto. The king came home to his little princess, and she and the brownies lived happily ever after.

And if the least bit were altered in this tale from its first telling, one of the little sisters would cry, "No, it was thus last time," and then the father would go back and correct himself. It was evidently a favorite tale, as Ethel had said, and Dorothy enjoyed it so much, although parts were not at all knew to her, that she felt quite sorry then Susan announced that "Miss Ventnor was fetched."

"And you must come again," cried all the brownies, hugging her.

"Yes," said the mother: "I hope your aunt will allow you to come and see my little girls again very soon," and she stooped to kiss Dorothy's grave face.

Poor Dorothy! she had been so shy, although excited, about coming, and now she could almost cry at having to leave this happy group. She grasped the nursemaid's hand nervously and said, "Oh, thank you all so much. Yes, I think Aunt Priscilla will let me come again soon, when you ask me."

And then the little girl went home almost in a dream, surprised but not disappointed that the brownies were not quite what she had thought them, wondering most about the many kind things the fairy godmother and attendants had done for the princess in the story. Had she been wrong all along, and were hugs and playful teasings only one small way of showing love, and no better than others? She was Aunt Priscilla's one little girl. That was what the father had said.

Dorothy wrote a letter to her own father the next afternoon. She was so eager to tell him all her adventures that she put some of her doubts unknowingly into her letter.

And the colonel sent such a nice answer, beginning, "My own dear little girl," in which he told her the story was all true, for the king was really coming home when the spring flowers should bloom.

And Dorothy, who had never been naughty enough to really doubt that her aunt loved her, only inclined to "grumble" a little, as the brownies did in the story, grew merry and noisy long before her father came. For Aunt Priscilla decided that "the child" had been too much alone, and would be better for the company of the little girls opposite.

And so the tale really came true, and the princess and the brownies, last time news came from their fairyland, were living and playing together happily, doing each other much good, with the kind and fairy godmother, papa and mamma brownies, and several other good fairies doing all they could to keep them so for ever.

LIVING by little lessons are acquired; little by little knowledge is gained, little by little character is achieved.

NOTHING will make us so charitable and tender of the faults of others as thoroughly knowing our own.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

A new York colonel is organizing a regiment of total abstinence soldiers. The movement which he has set on foot contemplates nothing less than a new National Guard, which shall be an army of well-trained soldiers who do not use any intoxicating liquors, and who shall be ready at a moment's notice to take the field in case of a call from the State or National authorities. The officers and men are said to be enthusiastic over the success of the venture. There are West Point men in the regiment, as well as many who were trained in the Civil War.

There are now about 36,000 newspapers and periodicals published throughout the world. Of this number more than 19,000 are published in Europe; 12,000 in the United States; 3,000 in Asia; 700 in Australia; 200 in Africa. Comparing these figures with the population of the world, it will be found that there is one newspaper for every 40,000 inhabitants. The number of periodicals published in Great Britain and Ireland is about 4,000, and of these nearly 2,300 may be strictly defined as newspapers. The daily papers number close upon 200. Of the 12,000 American periodicals more than four-fifths are devoted to politics and news, and the daily papers number 1,000.

The drum, it is said, is to be re-established in the French army. Over four years ago General Farre, then in the plenitude of his power, decreed its abolishment in the armies of the French Republic, and shortly after both Belgium and Italy followed suit, and the roll of the "sheepskin fiddlers" was no longer heard in their ranks. The French, keenly imitative of all German models, no doubt observed that the Prussians, long before the idea of German unity had become a reality, cut down the big drum from the dimensions it had assumed under Frederick to the shape and proportions of an ordinary tambourine. So the edict went forth, and not a drum was heard in French regiments for some four years.

The Panama Canal scheme appears to be in serious difficulty. Over $35,000,000 have been expended on it, and M. de Lesseps asked the co-operation of the French Government to raise $120,000,000 more by means of a lottery loan. The Committee of the Chamber has resolved to shelve the bill laid before it to authorize that project, and M. de Lesseps has made an appeal to his countrymen to raise the money by bonds. Should the canal be a failure the effect of the loss of these savings and of the crumbling of the hopes of hundreds of thousands of investors would be an incalculable injury to political order in France. The Republic would stagger under such a blow.

A London journal recently offered a prize of $10 for a reasonable solution of "what becomes of the pins?" The following reply captured the prize: "A surface ten miles square contains 310,000,000 square yards. Assume this as the area of London. To include the area of floor surfaces in houses, it may safely be trebled—say 1,000,000,000 square yards. If every five square yards contained one stray pin, who would be aware of it? Here, then, we have in London alone a receptacle for 200,000,000 of stray pins unperceived by anybody. The answer, therefore, is that thousands of millions of lost pins can be, and are, scattered about the land unnoticed. Half of these, being out doors, are gradually destroyed by rust. The other half pass out of doors by degrees.

The Portuguese will be the first to build a railroad in West Africa. Only about fifteen miles of the French line in Senegal have been completed, and King Leopold's Congo river scheme is hanging fire apparently for financial reasons. The Trans African Railroad Company, on the other hand, has $4,000,000 of capital to start with, the Portuguese Government guaranteeing the payment of interest on its bonds, its route has been surveyed for 250 miles from Loanda on the coast, the track laying is about to begin. This road, which it is intended ultimately to extend to the large Quango tributary to the Congo, about 160 miles from the coast, will run through the heart of Angola. If it does not succeed, the prospects are very gloomy for any other West African railroad, for the country it is to penetrate is the pick of the west coast, populous, fertile, and comparatively healthful.

The Empress of Austria, in one of her freakish moods, conceived the idea of surprising the German Emperor at Gastein the other day by visiting him immediately after his arrival there, without giving any notice of her coming. The idea had to be carried out amid a downpour of hail and rain, and it is probable the still beautiful Empress regretted the prank, as she found the poor old fellow amusing himself in an old, faded suit of clothes, quite unfit to receive a lady in, and was afterwards vexed that she exposed him to the humiliation of being caught without the pageantry which help to conceal the wrack which time rears make of kings as of other men. He got gayly over the surprise, chatted for an hour pleasantly, and accompanied the Empress to the top of the staircase, where he gallantly kissed her hand, and stood bowing while she descended.

Our Young Folks.

PHIL'S NEW GAME.

BY PIPKIN.

"WELL, wife, next year Phil shall have his wish, and go to France to school."

These words were said by Mr. Wells to his wife. He was not a rich man; he had but a small farm, and some years he found it hard to make both ends meet.

Mr. and Mrs. Wells had three boys—Phil, Tom, and Jack, and one girl, Bell.

Phil, who was ten years old, was such a sharp, quick boy, that Mr. Green, who kept the small school to which he went, told Mr. Wells he ought to send him to some good school, where he could get on well.

"In fact," said Mr. Green, "if you could send him to France, so that he might speak or write French, it would be the best thing you could do for him. He would have a chance then of a good start in life, and it would not be your fault if he did not get on well in the end."

The thought of life in France was a grand one to Phil, and his one great wish was that Mr. Wells would send him there.

"Last year was a good year with us," Mr. Wells went on to say, "and if this one is too, I can spare as much as he will need, though for some time to come we must not spend more than we can help—we must save it up for him. And now I must be off to my work."

And hard he did work. If it had not been for Phil's sake he could have had one more man to do some of it; but as it was, he left a must do it, and put by for Phil what he could save by this.

Some few hours had gone by, and Phil, Bell, Tom and Jack had all come back from school.

It was a fine, warm spring day, so they made up their minds to play in the fields till it was time for tea. Jack said he could not wait for tea, and ran in. Mrs. Wells gave him a piece of bread and jam, and as she had lots to do, sent him out doors once more.

Jack was too small to play at the games that Phil, Bell and Tom were fond of, and when he came back he found Bell and Tom had sat down on a big piece of stone, and Phil stood in front of them.

As Jack came up he heard his sister Bell say—

"I'll give him a red coat."

"Then Tom said—

"I'll give him a dark blue cloak."

"Oh, don't have that game," said Jack. "You know I can't play it, and that I don't like it."

"Well," said Phil, "we thought you had gone in, and did not want to come out and play."

"Mum said I was to," said Jack.

Phil was a kind boy, so he said—

"Well, what shall we play at? Shall we have a race?"

"Yes," said both Bell and Tom.

"But Jack said—

"No; I know I should not win the race, so I don't call that fun."

"Well, let me think," said Phil, and he stood quite still, and thought.

And Bell and Tom and Jack sat quite still to see what he would say. At last he spoke.

"I know," said he; "I've thought of such a good game—quite a new one. It's all out of my own head."

"Oh, what is it?" said Tom and Bell in the same breath.

"Tramps," said Phil.

"Tramps?" said Bell. "What do you mean?"

"Well, buy-a-broom," said Phil. "You know what they are. We can play that we are tramps, and have just got to a place where we have to spend the night; then we must have our tea, and lie down on the ground like they do, and go to sleep."

"Oh, yes; that'll be great fun," said Bell.

And Jack said—

"Yes, I shall like that."

"Let us come now and choose a good place for a halt," said Phil.

"What's a halt?" said Jack. "Does it mean tea?"

"No," said Phil, "not quite, but when they halt they have tea."

And Phil led the way till he came near one of the barns.

"Let us sit down here," he said; "this will do. Now let us think what we can have for tea. Now and then tramps get hold of fowls, and boil them in a pot, or they buy some meat and make a stew of it."

"But where do they boil it?" asked Bell.

"Well, they pick up sticks, and make a fire on the ground, and boil the pot on it. I say," said Phil, "let's make a fire too; you can all pick up some sticks, and I'll run and get a match."

By the time he came back he found quite a small heap of sticks.

Jack said—

"I brought all the small ones, and Bell and Tom the big ones."

Phil said he would lay the fire and set light to it, but for a long time it would not burn; the sticks were damp, and the wind came and blew it out two or three times. At last it roared up well, and they all set round to warm it.

"Can't we get hold of some tin," said Phil at last, "and put it on the fire by way of a pot? It would be much more fun."

"I could get an old meat tin, Phil, if that would do," said Bell.

"Oh, yes!" said Phil; "that would be just the thing."

"And, I say, Phil," said Tom, "I know where there is a dead mouse. Shall I get it? We could put it in the tin and call it a fowl, couldn't we?"

"Yes," said Phil, "if you like. Run and get it."

Off ran Tom, and Jack at his heels. This was a grand game—the best they had had for a long time. When they were all three gone, there was such a strong draught on the fire that some of the sticks were blown quite a long way off.

Phil did not think much of it at first, but at last he saw that one of the sticks fell close to a hay-rick. The loose hay around the stack was soon in a blaze, and the rick too caught fire.

"Oh," said Phil, with a cry; "the stack is on fire," and flew off as fast as he could to the farm; but the smoke and the flames had told their own tale.

Mr. Wells was on his way home through the fields, when he saw the blaze in front of him, and he ran fast to it.

"Help! help!" was his cry, and soon all the farm men were on the spot. One of them was sent off to the town to call the fire engine, and the rest did what they could to put out the flames.

But the wind was so high that all was in vain, and at the end of an hour the whole rick was burnt to the ground. The fire now was out, and there was no more for the men to do.

The crowd, which had come from far and near, all went their way, and Mr. Wells, with sad thoughts and slow steps made his way home.

As he went he met Phil.

"Oh, my boy," he said, and he laid his hand on Phil's head, "this has been a bad day for us, for the loss will fall on you as well as on me. Now I shall not be able to send you to France to school."

"Dad! dad!" said Phil, and the tears ran down his cheeks as Mr. Wells's kind words fell on his ear; "do not mind me, for it was all my fault."

Then he told Mr. Wells the whole tale of the fire. All the blame of it was his, and he did not try to shirk it.

Mr. Wells did not say much to him; he did not wish to add to the grief the poor boy felt, for he knew that for years to come Phil would have cause to feel his share in the loss.

It is want of thought and care that leads to so much harm in this world, for it was this that led Phil to make a fire near the rick, so it was but fair that he should bear his share in the loss of which he had been the cause.

THE VAIN LEADER.

BY A. F. S.

LOOK at Long Tusk now. Is that the way the leader of such a herd of elephants as ours is should spend his time?" said Flap-Ear discontentedly.

"Hush, my friend, take care," said his companion, "such words are treason. You forget how handsome he is."

"And you how vain he is," said Flap-Ear.

It was true Long-Tusk did look very handsome as he stood admiring himself in a pool of water, but it is quite certain also that he knew it; for Long-Tusk, the leader of one of the largest herds of elephants, was as vain as any silly little girl or boy. He was big and bold, and he was brave; indeed, almost his only fault was his vanity.

The herd were at that time living in a pretty glade on the edge of a forest. There were trees in plenty, and as much water as the elephants wanted, though in Long-Tusk's opinion not enough to serve him as a mirror. The more water there was, the more often would he be able to look at himself.

Accordingly he gave orders that the herd should start at once in search of another home. No elephant yet ever disobeyed his leader, and when Flap-Ear growled out some remark about "vanity," he was very quickly silenced, and told to march last of the herd as a punishment.

As a rule, an elephant would have felt this such a disgrace, that he would never have lifted his head again, but Flap-Ear was beside himself with excitement, and as he passed Long-Tusk on his way to the back of the herd, refused to salute his leader.

This was open rebellion, and Long-Tusk, angry at the insult, immediately expelled Flap-Ear from the herd.

So terrible a punishment was certainly too severe for the offence committed, but although Flap-Ear threw back his trunk in astonishment, he turned away from the others without a single growl or complaint.

At length the start was made, and all went well at first, but when they were at some little distance from their old home Long-Tusk saw a tent not very far off from them.

He well knew this meant danger, and at once halted. He was too late, however, for the owners of the tent had seen him, and directly prepared for the attack.

Long-Tusk fought bravely, determined to be killed rather than be taken prisoner, but when he saw the arrows coming thick and fast towards him, he gave up all hope and prepared to die.

Suddenly one of the peasants from the lines of the tent rushed forward and placed himself before the others, receiving the wound intended for him.

The elephant fell, and in the confusion Long-Tusk escaped. The others followed and soon after reached a place of safety. Then Long-Tusk demanded which of his followers had so nobly perished in his service.

It was soon explained that the elephant who had saved him, the elephant who had sacrificed himself for his leader, was Flap-Ear!

Unable to tear himself away from his old companions, he had followed them, and so had been able to rescue his former master.

In the time of happiness he had not hesitated to find fault with his leader for his vanity, but in time of trouble he was ready to give even his life for him.

THE WOODEN SOLDIER.

BY HENRY FRITH.

ONE evening the wooden soldier came on the guard—the fire-guard, you know in the nursery and said:

"Miss Dolly, I promised to tell you my story, and, if you please, I would like to do so now."

"I am sure we shall be very glad to hear it," she replied, as she smoothed her dress. "The animals are all in the ark, so you will not be disturbed by——"

At this moment the poker fell down with a terrible bang. This was the only way he had of expressing himself—rather a loud way, you say, and inconvenient, because, in the first place, he made a great clatter, and, secondly, he had to be picked up by the tongs and set on his one leg again before any one could speak. Then the Soldier began.

"I wasn't always a soldier," he said. "Oh dear, no! First I was a monkey, and climbed on a stick; leaped up and down, and curled over the end; and that made me very ill! I was in a fair, I remember, on a stall, with rattles, cakes, gingerbread, tin plates, whistles, and a number of penny toys, when a little boy came up and said, 'I'd like a monkey on a stick, please!'

"The woman who had brought me up said—'Here's a beautiful monkey, my dear; all ready to jump for you.' Then I felt myself lifted up and carried away. That's how I knew I was a monkey! We don't always know we are little monkeys!

"The little boy kept making me run up and down the stick until I was quite tired. He sent me over the top of it so often that I felt sick; and, really, it is not pleasant to be shot up and over a stick like that!

"So I made up my mind that, if I could only get loose, I would jump away altogether!

"We had to cross a river—a little river—on the way home, and there was only a tiny bridge. At that time I had never seen a river, and didn't know what it meant; but, as we crossed, the little boy kept pushing me about so, that I could stand it no longer; and suddenly, when he gave me one very hard push, I broke away, turned head over heels, and fell plop! into the water!

"Oh, it was wet! My black coat came off and I felt cold. I turned to kick and something pulled me on top of the water; still I went on. Then I heard a tremendous roaring and dashing and splashing, like the washing in my old home where the woman lived, only louder.

"Something was coming near me, or I was coming to something. Then I felt myself racing—going very fast; bubbles came and blew at me; some bits of wood, being in a great hurry, knocked me in the eye and damaged my nose. My nice crooked back was hurt too.

"Some straw tickled me dreadfully, and then I darted like lightning down a passage full of water; then I had a terrible fall, a rushing in my ears, a tearing, roaring sound; then a quiet minute; my head went round, my back was round already. I was thinking I should turn into a penny ball for 'rounders,' when I was seized by something, and bitten gently. Then I remembered no more for awhile.

"When I came to myself I was in a little girl's hand, all my paint was off. I was scratched by the dog's teeth a little—not much—and I heard the little girl say:

"'Oh! Lark has found a little monkey in the mill slime. Good dog!'

"So I knew I had been in the mill slime, and had all my paint washed off. Then the little girl carried me home, and dressed me. She put me in petticoats, and put a hat on my head, and called me Topsy. She carried me about with her all day, and laid me on a chair by her bedside at night, and I should have been happy even in petticoats, but for the dog. 'A monkey in petticoats,' said Lark to himself, 'is nonsense. I don't like the monkey, and you'll see!'

"The fact is, Lark was jealous of me, because the little girl petted me a great deal. So Lark made up his mind to hurt me.

"Unfortunately, there is always a way to injure toys, whether they be dolls, or drums, or soldiers, or even animals in the ark. Children are very destructive. Suppose, Miss Dolly, that some great giant were to come and break off children's arms, and legs, and noses, let out their sawdust, and chip pieces from their bodies; how would they like it? Oh, yes; I know we are wooden, and have no feeling! But we cost money and we should be worth something, and certainly should not be battered and beaten.

"Well, Lark found a chance. One day, when his little mistress was away at a party in the parlor, he came upstairs and snatched me off the chair where I was asleep. He tore my petticoats off with his feet and teeth, but didn't hurt me. Then he took me up in his mouth, undressed as I was, and carried me down to the river again. There he dropped me into the stream, and watched me float away.

"I never saw him again. I swam as well as I could down the river; the day was very long, and I passed many curious things. More than once a fish bobbed his nose against me, and I jumped away. Then I saw the stars and the moon, and some water rats. Then suddenly I was fished out, early in the morning, by a man who was sitting on the bank.

"This man was what we have all heard called a pedler. He had a pack on his back, and a knife in his hand, and I remember this knife, for in the course of the day he cut off my hump back, and then gave me to a child, who threw me away, and I was lost—lost in the fields, out in the cold night, a tall, straight monkey, who had seen the world, and yet had to lie by the roadside like a common wooden ape!

"But, Miss Dolly, I was found by a girl who was walking with her father. A poor girl she was; and when she saw me she cried out:

"'Oh, father, the very thing for your officer!'

"For his officer! In a moment I was picked up and put in a basket. I was wet and cold then, but after awhile I got warm; for next day (what do you think?) I had a bear-skin cap, a red coat of paint—nice warm color—dark trousers, a nice place to stand on, a sword by my side and a gun as well. I was pleased. There I stood up on the table, and out of the corner of my eyes—no, I have no corners now; I mean out of my round eyes—I could see ten or eleven other soldiers lying in a box—with some cannons, and some peas, and some green things, called trees—all with guns, but I had a sword! Ha!

"I felt much bigger and straighter. Then after a while I was packed in the box, carried off to a shop, and put up in the window to guard a train and a 'Punch.' One day, after some adventures, I was re-coated, made like these other soldiers here—and sold to our dear young lady's papa for a present to Miss Kathleen. I am very happy Miss Dolly, to be near you again, and I hope we may never part! Now I am a real soldier, although I once was a monkey in petticoats!"

"Clang! bang! rattle! clank!" roared the poker suddenly.

Oh, what a noise! The nurse came running in—Dolly lay down, the soldier stood quiet silent; and when nurse had picked up the poker and put it in its place and tidied the room nobody felt inclined to continue the conversation.

A NOISY HOSPITAL.—There is a sect in India, called the Jains, who could teach us Americans a useful lesson. They are very fond of animals, and believe that it is man's duty not only to do no harm to living creatures, but also to do his very utmost to protect and help them.

Good thoughts are of little use unless they become good deeds, so the Jains have built a hospital for animals at Bombay. It is the largest building of that kind in India, and certainly it must be about the noisiest hospital that ever was built.

All sick and deformed creatures are received there; and they are carefully treated until they are cured, or they are kept till they die.

There are, of course, several different wards, if we may use the word. The first is a large court surrounded by sheds, inhabited by sick oxen.

Some are lame, some are blind, some are suffering from disease, but all well rubbed down daily, and carefully fed. There must certainly be a spice of fun in seeing a cow walking about with a bandage over one eye, and yet, poor thing, she probably feels pain quite as acutely as we do.

The next ward contains cats and dogs, all suffering from some ailment, and a little farther on is an enclosure kept entirely for birds.

Here may be seen aged crows, bald vultures and half-naked hawks, who are spending their last days in peace and plenty, while some gaunt bird strutting about on a wooden leg reminds one that the establishment is a hospital, as well as a home for incurables.

It is not, however, the nobler animals alone who are admitted to the happy place. Rats, mice, jackals, and sparrows, all find a rest within its walls, provided that they have something the matter with them.

Perhaps if the inmates of the Jain institution could take a peep at some of their poor brothers in the Zoological Gardens, or in our private houses, they would say—

"I'm quite sure you are not well; come over to our hospital as soon as ever you can."

AN OBLIGING HUSBAND.—Lady Arden complained of a toothache. All the remedies used on such occasions were applied but still one found no relief.

At length she decided on sending to Edinburgh, a distance of fifty miles from Clydesdale Castle, for a dentist to extract the suffering tooth; and when he arrived she declared "that her nerves were unequal to submitting to the operation unless she saw it performed on some one else first."

The few friends admitted to the sanctuary of her boudoir looked aghast at this declaration, each expecting to be called on; but after the silence of a few moments, and no one offering, she told Lord Arden that he must have a tooth out, that she might judge from his manner of supporting the operation if she could go through it.

He appeared amazingly disconcerted, made a wry face, and expostulated, but the lady insisted; the obedient husband submitted, and a fine sound tooth was extracted from his jaw; after which she declared "that she had seen enough to convince her that she could not undergo a similar operation!"

IN a New Zealand cemetery on a grave-stone is to be found, with the name and age of the dead, the words, "She was so pleasant!" Think, girls, what a delightful character she must have been to have an epitaph like that!

THE SEASON'S SONG.

BY MORLEY.

A long farewell to Winter,
For Summer is at hand,
And April airs are breathing
O'er all the quiet land;
Soft April show'rs are falling
On April's budding flowers,
And April's birds are calling
Through all the greening bowers.

The thrush his song is singing
In copses blossom-fair;
The cuckoo's note is ringing
Upon the sunny air;
In all the green recesses
The primrose gold is set;
And woodbine's winding tresses
With show'rs and dews are wet.

The young leaves shake and shiver
On all the woodland bowers;
By meadow trenches quiver
The fragile cuckoo-flowers;
In the green reedy hollows
Marsh marigolds upspring
What time the homeward swallows
From the hot Southland wing.

O daffodils unsheathing
Your cups of ruddy gold,
O dew-sprent woodbine wreathing
In garlands manifold,
O primroses pale-golden
By brooklet's silver set,
Ye mind me of days olden
That I may ne'er forget!

They rise like dreams before me—
The Present fades away;
I see the blue sky o'er me,
I watch the lambs at play,
Shadow from sunshine fleeing,
Birds upon lightsome wing,
And feel through all my being
The nameless joy of Spring!

CONCERNING DREAMS.

The consideration of the value of dreams as supposed indications of the course of future events is a question of absorbing interest, and a great mass of information on this subject might easily be compiled. Few subjects are more fascinating to the curious, than a comparison of the various dream theories of different races and different ages. In early times, and among savage nations, great significance has always been attached to dreams; while in modern days and among civilised peoples, the rationalising spirit has entirely prevailed, dreams being regarded as purely natural phenomena, and usually admitting of a physiological or a psychological explanation. Three distinct dream theories may be differentiated as having prevailed at various epochs of human history.

First comes the theory of the savage, such as the Indian. He considers dreams to be essentially real, as real as his daily waking life. He believes that it is he himself who goes forth in dreams to battle or the chase, scalping his foe, or slaughtering the bison. But he knows that his bodily form continues reclining in slumber in his hut, so he is compelled to assume the existence of a second self, another identity, a shadow of himself, the mysterious complement of his physical frame; and he believes that it is this second self which goes abroad in dreams and engages in nightly adventures.

The second view, which had widely prevailed at various epochs, regards dreams as invariably sent by a supernatural power, to warn, instruct, or encourage. The divine message may be variously delivered. Sometimes a visible messenger appears; sometimes a voice only is heard; sometimes a moving panoramic tableau, symbolic in character, passes before the sleeper's eye, and demands attention and interpretation. Of such a character were the dreams of patriarchal and prophetic times, when the Creator chose this means of revealing Himself to man; but the superstitions of all ages and all nations have ascribed this supernatural interpretation not merely to special revelations, but to all dreams alike.

The third, or modern view, is that dreams are purely natural phenomena, dependent on the state of the bodily organs, on the condition of the brain and the exercise of the imagination, and in a less degree upon the casual influence of surrounding objects and sounds upon the mind of the sleeper.

If we interrogate the English poets on this subject, we find them, for the most part, in harmony with the modern view. Shakspeare says:

> Dreams are but children of an idle brain,
> Begot of nothing but vain fantasy;
> Which is as thin of substance as the air,
> And more inconstant than the wind.

Dryden calls dreams the

> Interludes which fancy makes;
> When Monarch Reason sleeps, this mimic wakes.

On the other side, Joanna Baillie says:

> Dreams full oft are found of real events
> The forms and shadows.

Many people still believe that they receive warnings in dreams, and it is impossible to rebut the arguments for such a belief; but we may confidently assert that any general reliance on the confused and contradictory indications of dreams would involve the most inconsistent vagaries of conduct, wholly unworthy of a rational being. Our reason and our dreams are often so hopelessly at variance that, to desert the former for the latter, would be equivalent to relinquishing the bright shining of the sun in order to pursue a treacherous will-o'-the-wisp. The writer once had occasion to engage a passage for a long sea voyage, and the only vessel available at the desired time was a steamer which been a great favorite in her day, but was then so old that doubts were entertained regarding her seaworthiness. In spite of warnings on this point, he engaged his berth, and, on that very night, he had an intensely vivid dream of shipwreck and drowning at sea. Undeterred, however, he set sail without serious misgiving, and had a most agreeable and prosperous voyage. In this case the dream was evidently no supernatural warning, but rather the natural result of the effect produced upon the imagination by the hints thrown out regarding the vessel's supposed unseaworthy character. Presentiments of all kinds are almost invariably groundless, and when, on rare occasions, a presentiment is verified by the result, the explanation is the very simply and obvious one that in this instance our fears correctly forecasted the future. We fear and we hope many things, more or less probable. Of these fears and hopes some, in the ordinary course, will prove well founded.

Have dreams ever any objective or genuine value? Yes. They are more or less sure indications of the sort of exercise which we give our imaginations during our waking hours, and of the prevailing bent of our thoughts. Secondly, modern investigation has shown that there is some foundation for the very ancient idea, that a dream about a certain organ of the body has occasionally been followed by disease of that part. In this instance, however, a purely natural explanation is the most probable. The subtle premonitions of disease, while yet too feeble too be recognised during our waking hours, carry their message to the brain during sleep, and thus the dream is directed to the organ which is already the seat of some hidden morbid process. In this case it is the disease—while still latent—which causes the dream, not the dream which in any marvellous or inexplicable manner forecasts the disease. C.

Grains of Gold.

Caution is the father of security.

Creditors have excellent memories.

Man's natural tendency is to egotism.

After the feast the giver shakes his head.

He that injures another injures himself.

He who forgives is victor in the dispute.

Be pleasant and kind to those around you.

Poverty wants much and avarice everything.

Do not waste time in useless regrets over losses.

Man is arrogant in proportion to his ignorance.

He who pays before-hand is served behind-hand.

Men's judgments sway on that side fortune leans.

I would rather be beaten in right than succeed in wrong.

Lynx-eyed towards our neighbors, and moles to ourselves.

Work with all the ease and speed you can without breaking your head.

I would give nothing for that man's religion whose very dog and cat are not the better for it.

Every part of the body and every faculty of the mind are developed by exercise; the same is true of the moral character.

If you want knowledge, you must toil for it; if food, you must toil for it; and if pleasure, you must toil for it. Toil is law.

For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ, that every one may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.

Femininities.

Great bargains have ruined many.

The best kind of a man is home made.

A boy described the heathen as "folks wot don't fight over religion."

Many a one is believed to be perfect because she cannot be improved any.

For cold in the head nothing is better than powdered borax sniffed up the nostrils.

Among the Zulus young people fight and get married. Here they get married first and then fight.

White and gold has reached the frames of mirrors and pictures, as well as the frames of furniture.

Wife: "Am I as dear to you, John, as I was before we were married?" Husband, with a sigh: "Yes, a good deal dearer."

Silver should be washed with a chamois skin, saturated with silver soap, each time after use, thus avoiding a general cleaning.

Windows should never be washed while the sun shines upon them, as it is impossible to polish them without leaving blue streaks.

Doctor: "You have a bad case of dyspepsia; have you ever worked in a railway eating-house?" Patient: "No, sir; I am janitor in a cooking school."

A Sunday-school sent a lot of dolls to the little heathen girls, and a week after they arrived the old heathens had them nailed on the walls and were worshipping them as idols.

The Roman Emperor Aurelian, who died in the year 275, refused the Empress, his wife, a suit of silk, which she solicited of him with much earnestness, merely on account of its dearness.

"Bessie, I hear your sister is ill; what ails her?" "I don't know, ma'am; maybe it's the diploma." "The what, child?" "The diploma; I heard mother say that she took it at school.

Remove the cover from the pot after pouring off the water from boiled potatoes and leave them on the back part of the stove, thus allowing the steam to escape. This will leave them mealy.

Before marriage the young man feels that he is profoundly unworthy of the dear girl, and she knows that he is worthy. After marriage they both change their minds—she adopts his opinion and he hers.

Forced smartness of speech is never amusing, and is often merely rudeness. Wit is the salt of conversation, not its food, and the wit of genuinely good manners "ne'er carried a heart-stain away on its blade."

Cold biscuits left over from tea may be made better than when first baked by dipping them into hot water and placing them singly on the hot grate in the oven long enough to let them get well warmed through.

A mother, vexed at something one of her sons, aged 7, had done, told him no one would give her two cents for him. "Well, mother," replied he, "no one would have you if you were to be given away with a pound of tea."

To save stair carpets nail several thicknesses of old carpet or canvas over the edge of each stair. It is a good plan to buy more carpeting than is needed to cover the stairs, and move it each season, so that the whole will wear evenly.

An old lady said she could not tell her mince pies from her apple pies without cutting them, and was advised to mark them. She did so, and complacently remarked: "This I've marked 'T. M.' —'tis mince; and that 'T. M.'—'taint mince."

Belle, in a box: "How very odd it must seem to sit down there—among the people." One of the men she knows: "You wouldn't like it?" Belle: "I should stay away. What in the world do you suppose they come for?" Man: "Oh, possibly, the music, you know."

Buxom widow, at evening party: "Do you understand the language of flowers, Doctor Crusty?" Dr. Crusty, an old bachelor: "No, ma'am." Widow: "You don't know if yellow means jealousy?" Dr. Crusty: "No, ma'am; yellow means biliousness!"

The prettiest bouquet I ever saw! A Jack for the centre of a pyramid, with white anemones ranged around it. Then a circle of purple violets and hyacinths, with two sprays of red maple facing each other, a fringe of garlic and a sheathing border composed of two skunk-cabbage leaves.

An association of pharmacists in Paris has been discussing the old question of the influence of plants in bedrooms upon the health of the occupants. The conclusion is that the plants are beneficial, especially to sufferers from consumption; plants without flowers being preferable to those in bloom.

In kitchen French to "blanch" means to place any article on the fire till it boils, then plunge it in cold water, to whiten poultry, vegetables, etc.; to remove the skin by immersing in boiling water. "Bouillon" is a clear soup, stronger than broth, yet not so strong as consomme, which is reduced soup.

Some years ago the Parisians were in the habit of giving their dogs short and pretty names, of which the French language has many; now, owing to the Anglomania which prevails in certain quarters of Paris, dogs are christened with such names as "Tam o' Shanter," "Rose of Canterbury," "Witt o' the Witt," "Lord Brolingbrockingham," etc.

A fair and buxom widow, who had buried three husbands, recently went with a gentleman, who in his younger years had paid her marked attention, to inspect the graves of her dead departed. After contemplating them in mournful silence, she murmured to her companion: "Ah, James, you might have been in that row now if you had only had a little more courage."

Miss Whitesides, a very pretty girl of 18, joined the Salvation Army recently at Raleigh, N. C., and discovered that under her contract absolute obedience to any orders of her superiors was required. Miss Whitesides refused to marry one of the Salvationists, and she was then told that she would be arrested for violation of the contract. She called on the police for protection.

Masculinities.

A man to be happy must be friends with himself.

Swallowing saliva often relieves sour stomach.

The man who procrastinates struggles with ruin.

The truth at all times is the keystone to our success.

You can't tell anything about a man by his tombstone.

Malice drinketh up the greatest part of its own poison.

It is easy to find reasons why other folks should be patient.

If you would know the value of a dollar, try to borrow one.

Honey and flour made into a salve form an excellent remedy for boils.

W. W. Corcoran, the Washington philanthropist, pays taxes on $9,100,000.

Laundry starch makes the best paste for scrap-books, because age does not turn it yellow.

In a hotel fire, run; in a theatre fire, stand still; in a railroad train fire, say your prayers.

It is said of a great man, just dead, that he began life as a barefooted boy. Come to think, we boys all began that way.

When two men start in the world together, he that is thrown behind, unless his mind proves generous, will be displeased with the other.

Ras Alula, the general of King John of Abyssinia, never laughs, and horsewhips his servants if there is the slightest delay in the execution of his orders.

"I wonder why Scribe wears his hair long. Is it because he is eccentric?" "No; he wears it long because it would cost 25 cents to have it trimmed."

Some one returned to the Portland, Oregon, free library a borrowed book with the following inscription: "Whoever thinks this is a good book is a whosier."

A New York fireman, evidently smitten with somebody, gave the following toast: "Cupid and his torch, the only incendiary that kindles a flame which the engineer cannot quench."

At the conclusion of the play or of the epilogue it was formerly customary for the actors to kneel down on the stage and pray for the sovereign, nobility, clergy, and sometimes for the commons.

A Burman mile is about equal in length to two English miles. The word for "mile" in Burmese means to sit, and a mile is the distance that a man goes before he considers it necessary to sit down.

It is said that Julius Cæsar suffered a whole week with toothache before he would consent to have it pulled. And even then he wanted to take laughing gas, but the dentist said: "Great Cæsar, laughing gas has not yet been invented!"

A piece of testimony that was obtained from a witness on a trial in New York recently is thus brief and pointed: Q.—How much money did you take into Wall street? A.—About $2,000,000. Q.—How much did you take out? A.—Not any.

He: "My dear, those mince pies I ate at your mother's house to-night were horrible." She: "Now, don't talk in that way. My mother could make mince pies before you were born." He: "Ah, I see! Well, it must have been one of those that I ate!"

Maud: "Yes, I have sent him back his letters—given him back his ring." Edith: "And are you happy?" Maud: "No, I am miserable." Edith: "Then why did you do it?" Maud: "Well, pa and ma were so pleased with him that I was afraid we weren't suited to each other!"

A Boston man in feeble health, whose application to an Alderman for a city job was met with the objection that he was too weak physically to do the work required in any of the city departments, asked: "What's the matter with putting me in the Health Department?"

Mamma, coaxingly: "Come, Bobby, take your medicine now and then jump into bed!" Bobby: "I do not want to take any medicine, ma." Father, who knows how to govern children: "Robert, if you don't take your medicine at once you will be put to bed without taking it at all."

Goethe was not particularly fond of music. Once at a court concert in Weimar, when a pianist was in the middle of a very long sonata, the poet suddenly rose up, and to the horror of the assembled ladies and gentlemen exclaimed: "If this lasts three minutes longer, I shall confess every thing."

A leading hatter declares that the uglier a man is the longer it takes him to suit himself with a hat, and the oftener does he look into the glass while buying one. A very unprepossessing customer of his the other day took two hours and ten minutes, and then came back to return the hat and have one made to order.

Featherly is contemplating a summer trip, and he asked Bobby how he would like to go along with him. "First rate," said Bobby; "an' I wouldn't be afraid if you did set it on fire." "Set what on fire?" "The river. Sister said you were going to make a trip up the Hudson, but she didn't think you'd set the river on fire."

There is some reason for the admiration generally felt for blue eyes. A connoisseur in eyes states that nine-tenths of the railroad men, pilots and others, who are selected for their keenness and correctness of vision, have blue eyes. Brown eyes are beautiful. Gray eyes usually denote intelligence, and hazel eyes a talent for music. The commonest color of eyes is gray, and the rarest violet.

At the table d' hote in Spain high-born gentlemen and the officers talk as much with the waiter as they do with each other. He joins in the general conversation, and I have heard, says a letter-writer, an ex-Spanish minister gravely discussing the political situation with the waiter who was handing round the dishes. Sometimes the guests agreed with the waiter, and sometimes with the ex-minister

Recent Book Issues.

From Wilson's circulating library, No. 111 South Eleventh street, we have received "English as She is Taught," a compilation of genuine answers to examination questions in the public schools. It is a most singular and amusing little work. The same house sends us their annual catalogue. The collection of books is excellent, and their system of loaning books popular and convenient.

"Worth Winning," is an entertaining novel by Mrs. H. Lovett Cameron, in which a young Englishman of noble birth pays court to and eventually wins the daughter of a rich Scotch ironmaster for his bride. She is not disposed to look favorably on him at first, because she belives him to be a mere fortune hunter, but she finally falls in love with him on account of his real worth. A village beauty comes between the pair for awhile, but she is opportunely taken out of the way by a railroad accident. Published and for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co.

"Natural Law in the Business World." In this book, by Henry Wood, the light of Natural Law is applied to the live, social and economic topics which are now attracting so much attention. It aims to expose the abuses and evils which masquerade under the banner of Labor, and the bad results of class prejudice and antagonism. The opposing combinations, unions, corners, unwarranted legislation, sentimental and socialistic ideas, and everything else of an artificial nature, are shown to be mischievous, destructive and on a false basis. Lee & Shephard, publishers, Boston. Price, 75 cents.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

That very interesting serial, "A Step in the Dark," opens *Cassell's Family Magazine* for May. This is followed by a paper describing with pen and pencil, "How The Queen Travels." Among the practical papers of the number are—one on "Kitchen Physic," and one upon "Remunerative Employments for Gentlemen." The papers on "Famous Flags of Field and Fleet," are continued, and there is one describing some famous clocks of England and the Continent. By way of amusement, there is a paper on "Gifts and Presentations," with clever sketches. The serials are continued, and we find plenty of poetry, pictures and other good matter. Cassell & Co., New York.

The frontispiece of the *Quiver* for May is an incident in the life of the late Earl of Shaftesbury. It represents the infant earl looking with eager eyes into the face of his nurse, on whose lap he is sitting, and who is reading from the pages of a Bible. Following the story of "The Good Earl's Life," comes the concluding chapter of the serial novel "A Faithful Heart." Then we come to a poem by the editor, "The Ministry of Angels." "Old Mr. Ladd's Temptation," a story, and "The Coronation of Queen Victoria," a sermon, illustrated, are interesting reading. "An Easter Hymn," an account of "An Evening at Exeter Hall," which is the headquarters of the Y. M. C. A., in London, more stories, theological papers and "short arrows" make up the number. Cassell & Co., New York.

The *Magazine of Art* for May, has for its frontispiece an etching after Jules Worm's painting "Under the Charm." The opening article has the late Randolph Caldecott for its subject, and it is illustrated with engravings from several of his most characteristic pictures. A paper describing a lost art of making glass follows, and there are some more "Glimpses of Artist Life," with Mr. Wilson's amusing illustrations. An article devoted to Van Dyck is illustrated with admirable engravings from some of his most famous pictures. Review of M. Pion's work on "Leone Leoni and Pompeo Leoni," with engravings from their sculptures, follows this, and between it and the third paper on "Some Treasures of the National Gallery" is a poem by Rennell Rodd. The departments are excellently filled. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

The American Magazine, which succeeds the *Brooklyn*, is in editorial charge of William C. Wyckoff, for several years on the staff of the New York *Tribune*. The contents of the first, the May number, are varied and entertaining, and several of the articles are handsomely illustrated. Among them are, "The Raquette in '55;" the opening chapters of a serial, "Olivia Delaplaine," by Edgar Fawcett; "Is it a Crime to Own Land?" interesting sketches of several United States Senators, with engraved portraits, etc. The social life of literary men in Boston is pleasantly described by W. H. Rideing. J. T. Trowbridge tells of his difficulties in disposing of his poems and stories when he was an unknown writer, and Gen. Grant's habits as to the use of wine and spirits are stated by Rev. Dr. Newman. There are also two finished stories and a number of poems, "Timely Topics" and a "Portfolio" of numerous anecdotes, the latter illustrated, etc. Published at Nos. 130-32 Pearl street, New York.

MINCE PIE.—There is but one true form for the mince pie—that of a long oval. It was once upon a time considered a test of orthodoxy to eat such a pie, to prove that the eater was a Christian and not a Jew. The pie, with its elongated oval form, represented the cradle or manger of Bethlehem, and the "mince," made up of fruits and spices, was symbolically regarded as the offerings of the Magi.

My Romance.

BY W. W.

HAPPY is the bride that the sun shines on," sang my aunt gaily, as she stooped to kiss me fondly on this my wedding day.

If sunshine was essential to happiness, truly would I be a happy bride. Through the open doorway the sunshine fell, not in little rifts of yellow light, but in great bars of amber and gold. An almost perfect day!

The sky blue and cloudless; away in the distance the fields of ripening corn; bright-hued flowers nodding their fair faces. Too soon for winds to sob and sigh, too soon for leaves to flutter and fall.

What need I to tell you more? You know what the early autumn is.

An orphan at an early age, I was left to the care of my good Aunt Kathleen. Nobly did she fulfil her duty. To none other than brave, lion-hearted Stephen Harley would she have given her heart's treasure.

How well I remember the day Stephen asked her for my hand! Coming in from a long walk, one of those delightful strolls that only lovers enjoy, my garden hat swung lightly on my arm, my curls, unfettered, falling upon my shoulders, Stephen playfully remarked, that as Mrs. Stephen Harley they must be tied in a matronly knot.

Aunt Kathleen, seated in the open doorway, must have read the secret on my telltale face. Coming forward, she gently placed my hand in Stephen's whispering—

"Take her, and God bless you!"

My lover urged a speedy marriage, to which my aunt reluctantly consented. What happy days followed—days never to be forgotten.

The wedding-day—bright and glorious! A sadness stole over me, a dim foreboding that even the bright sunshine could not dispel. Was it the thought of leaving dear Aunt Kathleen?

I tried to reason thus, to shut out a vision of my lover's face, pale and startled, that had haunted me in my dreams. I tried to be gay and light of heart, and laugh to scorn my foolish fears.

There were tears in my eyes when my lover rode over on that bright wedding morn. He laughed them to scorn in his bright, merry way, asking me playfully if I repented of my bargain.

"Repented? Ah, no!"

Proud I was as I watched him ride away, looking so noble, so handsome. He would be back again in a few short hours to claim me as his very own.

Sitting, dreaming, long after Aunt Kathleen left me to attend to many duties, I was startled by the sound of merry voices—my young companions in search of me.

"What, not dressed!" exclaimed Netty Lee, the brightest and prettiest of them all. "Come, Vera, 'tis almost time for the wedding."

They brought forth the dainty dress, a rich ivory satin; the bridal veil, with orange blossoms, so dear to the girlish heart, called forth bursts of admiration. Aunt Kathleen, ever generous, had provided an outfit that was well worthy of admiration.

"How lovely!" they exclaimed, in one voice.

"Now, Vera," said Netty, holding up a warning finger, "remember, you are not to look in the mirror; 'tis unlucky, my dear. I can tell you just as well as your glass could that you really look very charming."

The warning was scarcely uttered when I stepped to the great old-fashioned mirror. What girl could resist the temptation? Very lovely was the face reflected.

A feeling of pride stole over me. Will Stephen think me very lovely? One last, lingering look—when, lo! over my shoulder a face appeared.

It was Stephen's; not brave and resolute, as it looked when he rode away, but wan and startled, as I saw it in my dreams. Covering my face, as if to shut out the vision, with a low moan, I fainted.

Regaining consciousness, I found Aunt Kathleen bending fondly over me; one look into that dear face told me something dreadful had happened.

They were gathered round me, speaking in subdued tones, as people speak only when sorrow and affliction is amongst them.

The sound of voices floated through the open casement.

Someone, I think it was our good old pastor, said, kindly, "Poor girl! God give her strength to bear it!"

They told me all; how Nero, my lover's horse, a wild, unmanageable brute, had come amongst them with foaming nostrils, riderless, while strong men followed bearing his young master, my Stephen, bleeding and mangled.

* * * * * * *

Long, weary months of suffering brought me back from the shadow of death to life.

They took me in the early spring to Stephen's grave; there, with face downward on the low, damp grass, I promised to be faithful to my love.

Other suitors came, for I was young and winsome, only to ride away without success.

Dear Aunt Kathleen left me many years ago. I live in the little house that Stephen built for me.

It is autumn as I write; once again the aster and the poppy are in bloom; once again the corn is ripening.

Stealing softly through the casement comes the sunlight, like a silent comforter whispering of my wedding-day five-and-twenty years ago. Ay, five-and-twenty years!

ON THE BRINY DEEP.

Perhaps some of the admirers of a "life on the ocean wave" would like to know how sailors fare aboard ship. There is no pantry to visit. Each sailor furnishes his own tin plate, coffee cup, and knife and fork. He has no table with chairs placed for his convenience. When grub is ready to be served the cook gives the signal. A sailor comes and receives a pan of bread; another takes a pan of beef, the third takes the large coffee pot, with hash or potatoes, as the cook chooses. The bill of fare is fixed by law. At the beginning of the voyage the captain calls his crew aft and inquires if there are any who wish to have their food weighed. They always prefer to eat as much as they can "stow away."

The sailors eat in the forecastle. If they are disposed, they can rig themselves a table; otherwise they must sit around on trunks or the deck in rough weather and take their rations. The officers eat with the captain in the cabin, where a table is set and furnished the same as at home. A rack is used in rough weather to keep the dishes from dancing. If there is a good cook on board everything goes well, but an unskilled cook makes all hands miserable.

During rough weather passengers do not attempt to sit at the table, but take whatever they require in their hands and eat the best way they can. One day a sailor was eating his rations during rough weather when the ship gave a lurch and a piece of beef went galloping across the deck. The sailor raised his fork, and, making a dash for the beef, shouted: "Stop that horse!" The sailors call their beef "salt horse."

The captain of a sailing ship was asked by his wife if she could give the sailors a good dinner. He replied that he was afraid it would make them saucy. She finally prevailed. A fine turkey was procured from shore and given to the cook, who served it up in good order and gave it to the sailors.

One gave a scrutinizing look and exclaimed: "What is this old bird doing here?" Another said: "I wonder how old it is? Must have died of old age!" The third remarked that if it had been good for anything they would have kept it in the cabin. They finally hove it overboard and made a dinner of "salt horse." The captain's wife, after that, never meddled with her husband's housekeeping.

Sometimes a dolphin is caught, and, as you watch the dying colors of blue and gold; as he writhes upon the deck, visions of savory chowder and fresh fried fish pass before you.

With what an important air the cook comes into the cabin and asks for a piece of silver, which he puts into the frying pan with the sputtering fish. If the silver turns black he considers the fish to have been poisoned. He says they sometimes eat the copper from the bottom of a ship or from copper banks.

How anxiously we await the test those on shore, whose thoughts are filled with politics, the temperance or other questions of the day, can never know. The silver is usually found to be bright and shining, and the luxury of a fresh fish dinner is enjoyed with unadulterated happiness. Often a porpoise is harpooned and then there is great excitement. The liver and heart taste similar to those of a hog, but one must be exceedingly hungry to enjoy the meat. It has one virtue—that of being fresh. The oil is usually saved, being quite valuable. That found in the head is much esteemed for oiling clocks, etc. When a Spanish mackerel is caught a savory dinner may be expected.

Sometimes thousands of flying fish dart from the water on all sides of the ship, and spreading their gauze wings, fly for a few seconds above the water, while we are tempted to exclaim:

Fish, fish all around,
And not one mouthful to eat.

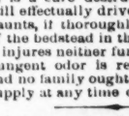
For, although they are most delicate eating it is impossible to catch them at sea. Often during the night one flies on board and the cook serves it up for the most favored person on board. On the Island of Barbadoes the fishermen are very successful in catching these fish, and a meal of boned flying fish is worth eating.

During severe storms the cook has many trials trying to serve his meals. In carrying the dinner from the galley to the cabin he is sometimes struck by a heavy sea, the basket washed from his grasp, the dinner and dishes wrecked. On one occasion the cook of a bark was struck by a sea and washed overboard, dinner, basket and all. It was beyond the power of his shipmates to save him.

SPIRITS OF TURPENTINE.—This is one of the most valuable articles in a family; and when it has once obtained a foothold in a house it becomes really a necessity, and could ill be dispensed with. Its medical qualities are very numerous. For burns it is a quick application, and gives immediate relief; for blisters or burns on the hands it is of priceless value, searing down the skin and preventing soreness; for corns on the toes it is useful, and good for rheumatism and sore throats, and it is the quickest remedy for convulsions, or fits. Then it is a sure preventive against moths; by just dropping a trifle in the bottom of drawers, chests, and cupboards, it will render the garments secure from injury during the summer. It will keep ants and bugs from closets and storerooms, by putting a few drops in the corners and upon the shelves. It is a sure destruction to bed bugs, and will effectually drive them away from their haunts, if thoroughly applied to the joints of the bedstead in the spring cleaning time; it injures neither furniture nor clothing. Its pungent odor is retained for a long time, and no family ought to be entirely out of a supply at any time of the year.

A NEW use for detectives appears to be coming into vogue, if we are to judge from the following, which has been addressed to a detective in the West: "My children and relations are bothering me to have my picture took, as I am growin' old; and as I am bizzy gitting in crops, I can't spare time to come down. I hear you have disgizes, so you can do as well as me. Have on red side whiskers and good clothes. Make the picture good-looking, and when you laff show your teeth, as I have a bran new set of false ones. I am forty-eight years old, and a widower."

HUMPHREYS'



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HOMEOPATHIC

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Dear Sir: A few days ago some one left one of your Patent Fruit and Vegetable Presses at my school on trial. I used it to-day for the first time, and find it the best thing of the kind I have ever used. Would you be kind enough to write me where they can be purchased.

Respectfully yours
(Mrs.) S. L. BORER,
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Humorous.

KITTY AND MIKE.

UNDER KITTY'S WINDOW.

"Ah, then, who is that there talkin'?"
"Shure, it's only me, you know;
I was thinkin' we'd go walkin'——"
"Wor ye raly thinkin' so?"

"Och, ye needn't be so cruel,
An me trudged this sivin mile——"
"Is it cruel, Michael, jewel?
Shure I'm diresein' all the while."

BEFORE MICHAEL'S COTTAGE.

"There, now, that's me cottage, Kitty."
"Is it, Mike?"
"Yes; an' isn't it pretty?"
"H'm!—lonesome like."

"Lonesome?" (Now's your minute, Michael—strike!)
"Darlin', if you wor in it——"
"Arrah, Mike!"

—U. N. None.

Felt slippers—Those applied to unruly youngsters.

Persons who take measures to enlarge their business—Tailors.

When we say "it's as broad as it is long," may we safely conclude that it is all square?

It is hard to tell which is the noisiest, a band with a dozen horns or a man with only six.

Why is a grain of sand in the eye like a schoolmaster's cane?—Because it hurts the pupil.

People call it "putting up" at a hotel, because there is so much they have to put up with.

It is always safe to say hailstones have been seen as big as hens' eggs. They are never preserved to confront a witness.

"We will now sing the 411th hymn," said the minister at the close of a pathetic funeral sermon; "it was a favorite with the remains."

"Hello, Mike, I hear you're on a strike!" "So I am. I struck for fewer hours." "Did you succeed?" "I did; I'm not working at all now."

Small boy: 'Mother, please give me another lump of sugar for my coffee. I've dropped the one you gave me." Mother: "Where have you dropped it?" Small boy: "Into the coffee."

Two men were disputing as to which of them had pulled the bigger fish out of the great North American lakes. By way of a clincher, one of them said, "When I got my fish ashore the waters sank two feet."

A medical authority says raw onions are the best nerve tonic known. It may be. We have seen a nearly dead man brace up and get out of a room without help when a person who had been eating them entered.

"No," said the dying punster, with a grim smile—"no, I don't object to flowers, but don't have any violets, please. I shouldn't care to have my grave violetted, you know." It was immediately agreed that it was best that he should go.

A small boy who was struggling with a large umbrella came to his mother in grief. "Mamma," he said emphatically, "you must take me down town at once and get me measured for an umbrella. This one is entirely too large for me."

Market reports.—Pens and paper are stationary; cutlery is very dull; cheese, firm and fairly active; butter, strong, but inclined to be slippery; whiskey, lively and unsteady; hops, lively and active; gunpowder, inclined to be rising; eggs opened strong.

Liveryman, to customer: "There, sir, is as good a hoss as ever" pulled a waggin. And you needn't be afraid of him; he's pufleckly safe and reliable." Customer, eyeing the animal dubiously: "I don't know about that. I'd hate to trust him with any oats."

An old darkey in Kentucky signs himself, "Col. Henry Clay Jones." When asked why he prefixed that title to his name, as he had no right to it, he replied, "Yes, I has, sah." "But you are not a colonel." "Dat doan' mean colonel, boss—dat means colored."

Lily, secretary of the cooking class: "Now, girls, we've learned nine cakes, two kinds of angel food and seven pies. What next?" Susie, engaged: "Dick's father says I must learn to bake bread." Indignant chorus: "Bread? Absurd! What are bakers for?"

A peasant was invited by a friend to go on a rabbit-shooting expedition. The gun brought by one of them had no lock. The other man remonstrated, "Och, what's the use of a gun widout a lock?" "Hould your prate, ye spalpeen," was the answer; "sure the rabbits don't know it!"

Mrs. Hoffendeffer bought a tigerskin rug to surprise her husband with on his birthday. Mr. Hoffendeffer, returning from club congratulations a little late, thus addressed her: "Shay, Betsy, ole gal, come down shtairsh. There 'sh 'bout forty cats got into s'houze 'n they'sh only one head 'n th' lot of 'em (hic)."

A fragment of conversation heard on a Paris boulevard. "It is not possible that he said it?" "I give you my word he did!" "But I tell you he didn't!"—getting angry. "See here! Were you there when he said it?" "I was not there, but——" "Ah, yes, 'but'! I was there—when he didn't say it!"

"Mr. Featherly," inquired Bobby, while the dessert was being discussed, "is your dog's name Rome?" "No," replied Featherly, in some astonishment, "his name is Major. Why do you ask, Bobby?" "Because pa told ma last night you were down at the hotel making Rome howl, and I s'posed he was talking about your dog."

Pete to Sambo, who has just been to consult a doctor with regard to the state of his health: "Wall, Sambo, what do de doctor say an de matter wid you, and what he say cure you?" Sambo: "De doctor he say, 'sambo, your digestshin all upset. What hab you been eatin'?' I say, 'I hab been eatin' nothin', massa.' 'Well, den,' sez he, 'I rekmend for you a change of the diet.'"

For Weak Women.

Mrs Lydia E. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass: "About the first of September, 1881, my wife was taken with uterine hemorrhage. The best styptics the physician could prescribe did not check it and she got more and more enfeebled. She was troubled with Prolapsus Uteri, Leucorrhœa, numbness of the limbs, sickness of the stomach and loss of appetite. I purchased a trial bottle of your Vegetable Compound. *She said she could discover a salutary effect from the first dose.* Now she is comparatively free from the Prolapsus, Stomach's sickness, &c. The hemorrhage is very much better and is less at the regular periods. Her appetite is restored, and her general health and strength are much improved. We feel that we have been *wonderfully benefitted* and our hearts are drawn out in gratitude for the same and in sympathy for other sufferers, for whose sake we allow our names to be used."

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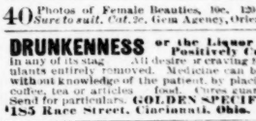

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Latest Fashion Phases.

Rich brocades, velvets, (especially plain velvets), and plush on the one hand, and the lightest of light fabrics on the other, are employed for ball toilettes.

A great deal of crape and crepon materials in white and very pale colors are worn, forming principally simple but voluminously pleated tunics and draperies, the low-necked corsage and skirt being of faille and sicilienne.

To see a collection of the pale colored surahs prepared for evening or gala spring costumes is a lovely sight. These are of every conceivable delicate shade, vying in delicacy of colorings with the pale blossoms of a garden on which no expense and taste are spared.

Heliotropes, dying blue, maize and brick-red are here, and especially the newer mauve with a strong tinge of pink made in it.

There are some very original fabrics for dresses, notably the harlequin-striped velvet with many colored stripes side by side, to form a stripe three inches long.

These stripes are arranged in points on the material, and produce a very odd effect when the breadths are joined together. It is a splendid panel material.

Then there are handsome pekins, stripes of moire and shaded plush, which form superb trains and panels, and corsages where the stripes are arranged by an able couturiere.

No material so tests a couturiere's taste and skill as the manner in which she arranges the wide stripes of a pekin fabric, which may look elegant or hideous, at least with regard to the corsage, according to the disposition of it.

The new Monaco blue is becoming fashionable. A ball toilette is in faille and crape of this color, the skirt being pleated. The tablier is of crape elegantly draped, the back drapery being of handsome faille pleated.

The faille corsage is low in the neck, and buttons up the back, apparently crossing in front over a chemisette of the pleated crape.

A novel feature is the piece or yoke covering the upper part of the chemisette; it imitates a star, one point falling in front, two others on the shoulders, made in a kind of cloth of silver shining with spangles.

Costumes for receptions are being made of cloth in very pale unusual colors; that is, unusual for cloth, though frequently seen in cashmere, silks, tulles, etc.

One is a Renaissance dress of straw-colored cloth, with under-skirt of dead-rose trimmed with mauve plush. The straw tunic is draped with plush and silver buckles.

The corsage is close-fitting with a ruche at the neck of straw cloth and handsome mauve plush.

A second mauve cloth dress is a polonaise draped over a mauve skirt trimmed with black velvet. The collar, belt and aumoniere (slung from the waist), are of black velvet.

A young girl's dress is of white cloth, shaped like the old-fashioned habit, the skirt cut with bands of silver. This habit is mounted on white silk, the same forming the sleeves.

There is little doubt but that chapeaux will be large, not merely in height but in shape; the form will be decided, recognizable, not dependent as now on the trimmings for shape and character.

The ganged velvet capotes of twenty years back are being revived, and many capotes are being made of the pinked-out plates of felt we have often described.

One capote in this last style is made of a beige plate, arranged as a crown and edged with five rows of pine cones by way of brim, placed symmetrically one within the other like shells. The pine cones are natural, merely cleaned and varnished and coquettishly arranged in a pretty ribbon form.

There is an attempt to restore the reign of wide-brimmed hats, but as yet their success is not assured.

Capotes, if exceedingly small, are not very high, with the exception of an aigrette bow or plume. They are only becoming, however, to delicate, small, round or oval faces; hence, woman who are stout and past middle age, do not look well in them.

There are, however, the other elegant capotes for them, a little more voluminous, made of velvet or plush as above mentioned, and trimmed with feathers and ribbon.

There occasionally crops up a tendency in women to copy certain details of masculine dress, which cannot be too strongly opposed, unless it is done for a certain purpose.

For elaborate visiting toilettes, mantles are being made very short, matching the dress. With a dress of steel-gray faille and embroidered grey pekin, the wrap is a marvel of taste, the fronts and backs of the embroidered pekin in two shades of gray, the sleeves being of steel passementerie on silk, edged with a deep steel chenille fringe.

The princess dress is becoming very prevalent, whether for indoor or outdoor wear; the skirts being open in front, edged with chenille, to show an underskirt of silk or woolen broche.

The fronts are closed above the waist, meeting edge to edge beneath the chenille bands. The sides are very prettily draped the whole dress being edged with chenille. Gray cashmere, gray chenille, and gray broche are employed for this dress. The collar and paraments are of chenille, a band of chenille also forming epaulettes.

The colorings in spring millinery are subdued, as though the mellowing touch of Time had asserted itself on the tones worn in the winter.

Vieux rose, the tint of pink associated with the Louis XV. period, is in favor; also subdued corals, with a positive shade of pink in the red; medora, a brown; borco, a new shade in terra cotta; gobelines, a greenish blue; tabac and drab. These colors are applied to straws as well as to beaded bonnets.

Jet is quite fashionable trimmed with heliotrope. One good example imported from Paris, has the brim lined with velvet and edged with lace, the crown beaded, while feathers and shot ribbon bows tower over the face.

There is a disposition both in straw and beaded bonnets to leave an open piece at the top for the insertion of trimming, and a black jet bonnet of this style had a frill of lace inserted between the two pieces, from brim to crown, so that it resembled the crest of a helmet.

Many straw bonnets are also made helmet-shape without this opening, the straw being sewn longitudinally over the ears, with a piping of cord uniting them. Other beaded bonnets are worked in stripes, thick and thin, the stripes going upwards.

The hats are neither narrow nor broadin the brim, though there is a disposition to bring in the broad flap; but at present the brims turn up at the side, are wide in the centre, and taper to a point back and front.

The trimmed ones display many bows of plaid ribbon, which is fashionable in Paris, and osprey finds its way on to the most of them.

Strings seem to be going out. Many of the best bonnets from Paris have none, while others have crossway velvet folds under the chin, slipped on with the bonnet, and fastened with a bow on one side.

A pretty example of a black stringless bonnet was trimmed with a cluster of pink primulas, blue hyacinths, and yellow buttercups.

Bows of ribbon are often introduced on the centre of the brim in front, and many are cut down the centre and have elongated points which cross over in front, and mix with the trimming.

Apricot is a favorite tone for the ribbon used in millinery, and many of the strings come from the top of the crown and cross it.

A new make of Tuscan is plaited in the finest plait, which is soft and pliable, and of great beauty. It is principally used for children.

They have also brought out a new variety of ribbons of all kinds suited to sailor hats, with specially reserved patterns.

These bands meet the demands of cricketers, cyclists, yachtsmen, boating men, tennis players and are good wear for the children.

By-the-bye, the new sailor hats for the year are higher in the brim, and the favorite tone is a light brown. There is a decided feature, too, in the high crowned hats of other kinds, viz., that the brims are narrow at the back and turn upwards.

Odds and Ends.

ON SEVERAL SUBJECTS.

A visit to the show-room teaches one how much there is to be done in producing fresh varieties of decorative needlework, where good individual taste and trained skill are brought to bear on what in other hands becomes wearily monotonous and tasteless.

The new chenille, which has taken the place of arrasene, and may be had in two sizes, thick and thin, is cleverly adapted for use in embroidery in combination with silks.

The most striking example perhaps is in a design of Gueldor roses, worked on strips of satin. The foliage is worked in half-filled outline with filoselle, but the snowy bunches themselves are executed entirely in French knots of chenille, beautifully shaded from pure white to the grayish greens of the shadow. The work is easily and quickly done, and is singularly effective.

Another method for using the chenille is for what is now known as tapestry work on canvas, where the design is worked in double tent stitch—that is, crossed over two lines of the canvas with chenille, and the ground worked in with filoselle, in one of the many varieties of cushion grounding stitches.

A thick worsted chenille is most effective worked in this way upon a coarse canvas for church kneelers or pede mats. The effect is quite that of a rich Turkey or Persian mat, and if the design chosen is suitable, and the coloring well considered, nothing more effective can be imagined. It is, of course, equally suitable for cushions, or for ordinary footstools.

A new variety is also embroidered cut work, so called because the ground on which it is done is a reproduction of the antique lace known by that name.

The lace is woven and made in panels, the design having a thick cord outline. It is beautifully worked up with colored filoselle; the "brides" which connect the various parts of the design being also worked over with silk. It is then lined with a suitably colored satin.

Examples of lace applique and of Greek laces are also cleverly worked up with silk, sometimes with fine chenille, and occasionally a little gold or tinsel thread. Everything depends on the manner in which it is done, for the working up of woven laces has been a favorite for some time past, but there is a vast difference between that which comes to us ready commenced from Germany, and that which a well-trained embroidress works out with thought and care.

In the one case the materials are inferior, and the work done by factory hands, and in the other individual thought is brought to bear in a manner which produces a perfectly different style of work.

One of the prettiest of the present novelties is a baby's counterpane applique of pale blue flannel upon white flannel, the design being edged with silk couching.

At the upper end of the cover a corner is turned back and it is embroidered in forget-me-nots with the word "bebe." It seems almost a pity to have put the word in French, since the idea is an English one.

The manner in which these flowers are worked is extremely rich and effective, and is more quickly done than satin stitch.

A thickish strand of filoselle is carried from the centre to the edge of each petal, and held down at the apex with a single stitch of fine silk.

French knots form the centres. A similar mode of working is used for Marguerites or any other narrow-petalled flower with great success.

On Zulu cloth there are some charming table covers, introducing a great variety of fancy stitches.

One, with Japanese detached ornaments, has many-rayed stars worked in couchings of thick filoselle, radiating out from the centre, a very quick and very artistic way of working them.

The coloring of these table covers is singularly well chosen, especially one with a border in which tints of broken reds, now known as flame colors, alternate with beautiful gradations of cool gray-greens.

Others are worked in the Mulhouse fast-dyed cottons, and others again in the dyed linen thread, which has all the lustre of silk.

On plush, in which a design is already stamped, are well considered applications of stitches common to embroidery, but new in their combinations.

THE STYLUS.—The ancients wrote with an iron bodkin on waxed tablets. The stylus was made sharp at one end to write with, and blunt and broad at the other, to deface and correct easily: hence the phrase, "to turn the stylus," was used to express blotting out. But the Romans forbade the use of this sharp instrument, from the circumstance of many persons having used them as daggers. A school-master was killed by the Pugillares or table-books, and the stylus of his own scholars. They substituted a stylus made of the bone of a bird or other animal; so that their writing resembled engravings. When they wrote on softer materials, they employed reeds and canes split like our pens at the points, which the orientalists still use to lay their color or ink neater on the paper.

Confidential Correspondents.

WASH.—To frank a letter is to send it free through the post by writing one's name on a corner of the envelope.

G. B. S.—Appleton's is as good as any. Address that house in New York, or some of the larger book firms in your own city.

"FEB."—"Beckman's History of Inventions" will doubtless serve your purpose. Write to Lippincott & Co., Publishers, of this city as to price.

H. M. L.—Under the circumstances as reported by you, we think you are more than justified—you are bound—to leave home, and we have no hesitation in advising you to do so.

R. E.—"Faith cures" are instances where persons have recovered from diseases regarded as incurable, apparently in answer to the prayers either of the patient or of so-called "faith healers."

S. S. S.—The filaments of an ostrich feather are curled by the simple process of drawing each filament between the edge of a blunt knife and the ball of the thumb; but it is not likely that anyone could do this satisfactorily without some practice and teaching.

REX.—There is a method, by means of a fine needle and an electric spark, of permanently destroying hair, but it is only practiced by a few of the regular physicians, who have given special attention to the skin, and the process is tedious and expensive.

CLERICUS.—There is such a word as "xylography." It is compounded of two Greek words, *Xulon* (wood) and *Grapho* (to engrave), and means simply the art of wood-engraving. There is such a word as "xylograph," although it is not much used; it means a wood-engraving.

J. M. W.—It is very unusual for the groom to wear any other coat, in the evening, than the conventional black "swallow tail;" but if he decides to wear a frock coat, his best man must dress in the same way. The newly married couple should head the procession after the ceremony.

PUZZLED.—The relaxation of the strings of the piano after tuning may be caused by several things. If a wooden-framed piano, the mischief is no doubt due to weakness; if metallic-framed, the pegs on to which the strings are wound may be loose and slowly turn back. If all the strings suffer alike, the former explanation is no doubt the true one. You must call in a good piano-maker immediately.

PICKLE.—Better a flirt than a drinker. Flirting is easily cured by a genuine attachment, but drink is a hard, hard enemy to fight against. Tame your flirt and take him; but mind that you show no eagerness. A flirt must never be indulged; for, when even the most sensible young men are bitten with the taste for philandering, they seem to lose their discretion so far as women are concerned. They need dexterous snubbing.

PLAGUE.—A man, when he is walking with a woman, should be on the side which is next to the curb-stone, so that he may shield his companion from the dangers of passing traffic and from the splashes of vehicles. But, if there be no question of inside and outside, the proper place for the man is on the woman's right side. He is then in position to offer her his left arm, and to use his right, should necessity arise, in her protection and defence.

DEBATER.—This correspondent asks us to decide the following dispute: A says that he is an orphan; he has a mother living, but his father is dead. B claims that in order to be an orphan both parents must be dead. The usual meaning of "orphan" is one who has lost both parents, and the combination "half-orphan" is sometimes used to describe one who has lost only one parent. However, "orphan" is so often used in the sense of "half-orphan" by good writers that its use, with that meaning, cannot be called an error.

C. M. H.—Tammany Hall is the headquarters of the Democrats of New York city. It is named, some authorities say, after a famous Indian chief, of the Delaware tribe, named Tamanend; but the more conservative writers on the subject, hold that Tamanend himself is not a historical character, but a fancied Indian hero of the mythical age of the Delaware. Other authorities say that Tamanend was a veritable Delaware chief, who died at the age of over a hundred years, about the close of the revolutionary war, and, under the name of Saint Tammany, was facetiously chosen as the patron saint of the new republic, for his reputed virtues, which were said to have been remarkable. The Tammany Society of New York, which was founded as a charitable institution on May 12th, 1789, was named after Tamanend.

MAY.—We sympathise with you much in your little misunderstanding, but we believe and trust it is nothing more. There is no reason on earth why you should not ask him the cause of his coldness. We see nothing unmaidenly or undignified in such a course. Far better so than to let the misunderstanding drag its slow length along for an unlimited period, leaving you both meanwhile supremely miserable. You say your very love itself holds you back; well, then, cry "Hands off!" to your own heart without taking any further notice of it. As to returning his presents, do not think of it for a moment. In all probability, when you come to sift the matter to the bottom, you will find he thinks that it is you who have been cold and reserved, and has been anxiously waiting for a chance of reconciliation.

G. L. W.—It is alleged, statistics show that the average of human life is greater now than it was centuries ago; also, that in civilized countries the death rate is constantly diminishing. By death rate, is meant the ratio of deaths to the entire population. The deaths by apoplexy, heart disease, paralysis, angina pectoris, etc., are more frequent now than formerly. Mental overwork is also more common now than it used to be, and death more frequently results from it. The competition in nearly all the walks of life is now so severe and so incessant that the mental strain laid upon the competitors sometimes proves fatal. This is very apt to be the case when a man has a poor physique or a weak constitution, and neglects his health. It is not so much hard work that kills as work under wrong conditions. When a man's strength begins to give out he should diminish his work. But instead of doing that, too many persons seek to re-invigorate their jaded systems with stimulants, and go on working when they should rest. People who resort to such artificial means of strengthening their working power, even if they use nothing stronger than tea and coffee for that purpose, will, after a while, suffer from the practice.